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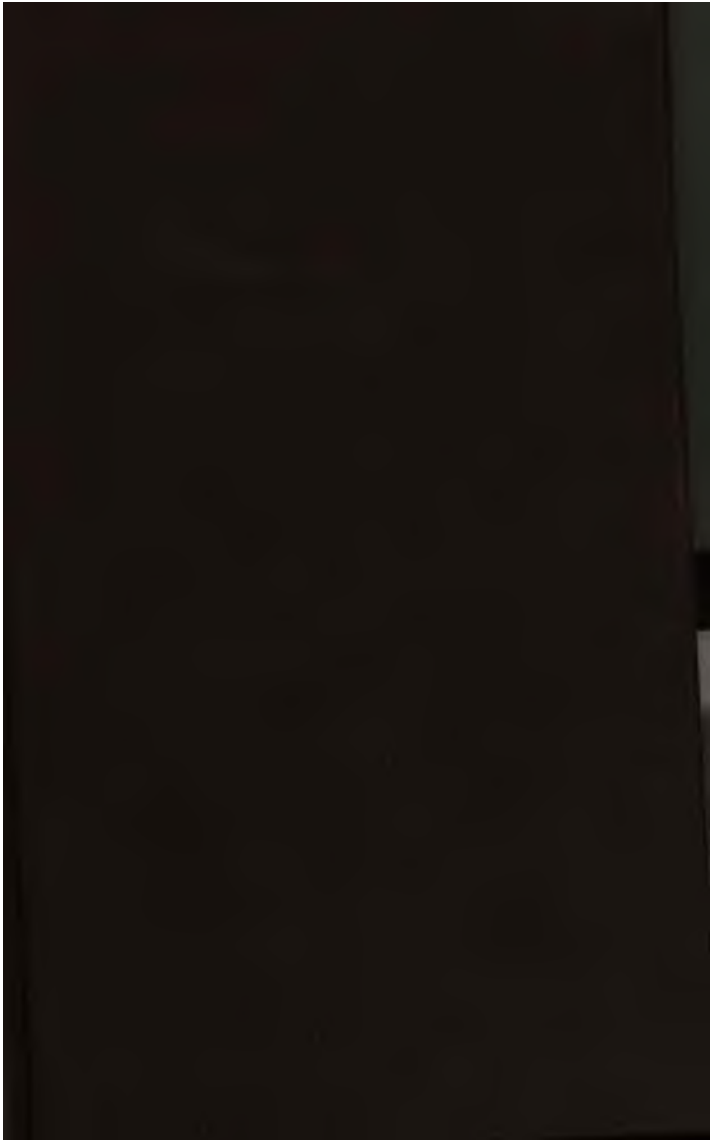

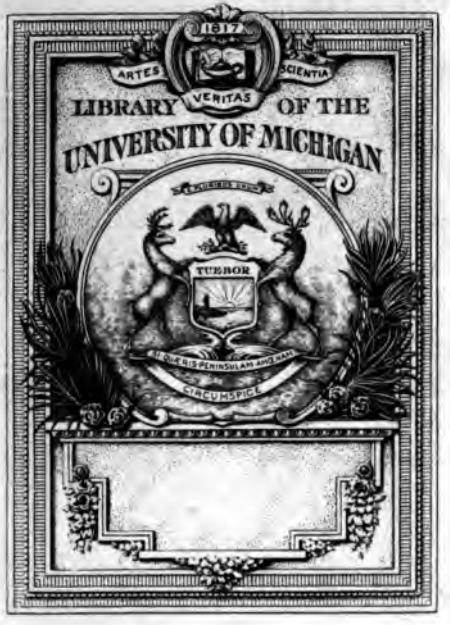
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE THIRTIETH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

PRIOR.

VOLUME I.

171811

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LIONEL

EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

IT looks like no great compliment to your Lordſhip, that I prefix your name to this epiſtle; when, in the Preface, I declare the book is publiſhed almoſt againſt my inclination. But, in all caſes, my Lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and moſt of the reſt, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my Lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without ſuſpicion of flattery, I may tell you, are very great; the good education with which theſe parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and ſeeing men very early; make us expect from your Lordſhip all the good, which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. "Tu Marcellus eris —" Our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You muſt be a judge and maſter of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counſellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country;

an ornament and honour to the titles you poſſeſs; and, in one word, a worthy ſon to the great Earl of Dorſet.

It is as impoſſible to mention that name, without deſiring to commend the perſon; as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deſerved. But I aſſure myſelf, the moſt agreeable compliment I can bring your Lordſhip, is to pay a grateful reſpect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were ſuch, that the world muſt pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miſcarry in the attempt.

A thouſand ornaments and graces met in the compoſition of this great man, and contributed to make him univerſally beloved and eſteemed. The figure of his body was ſtrong, proportionable, beautiful: and were his picture well drawn, it muſt deſerve the praiſe given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and reſpect. While the greatneſs of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman; the ſweetneſs of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and geſture ſomething that is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed; that gained upon you in his favour, before he ſpake one word. His behaviour was eaſy and courteous to all; but diſtinguiſhed and adapted to each man in particular, according to his ſtation and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good ſenſe.

Such were the natural faculties and ſtrength of his mind, that he had occaſion to borrow very little from education; and he owed thoſe advantages to his own

good

good parts, which others acquire by ſtudy and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in moſt writers is like a fountain in a garden, ſupplied by ſeveral ſtreams brought through artful pipes, and playing ſometimes agreeably. But the earl of Dorſet's was a ſource riſing from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhauſtible ſupplies delighted and enriched the country through which it paſſed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with ſo true a judgement in all parts of fine learning, that, whatever ſubject was before him, he diſcourſed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his ſtudy had been applied that way: and he perfected his judgement by reading and digeſting the beſt authors, though he quoted them very ſeldom.

"Contemnebat potius literas, quam neſciebat:"

and rather ſeemed to draw his knowledge from his own ſtores, than to owe it to any foreign aſſiſtance.

The brightneſs of his parts, the ſolidity of his judgement, and the candour and generoſity of his temper, diſtinguiſhed him in an age of great politeneſs, and at a court abounding with men of the fineſt ſenſe and learning. The moſt eminent maſters in their ſeveral ways appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to conſult him in the ſoftneſs and harmony of his verſe: and Dr. Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his proſe. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatick poetry. Butler owed it to him, that the Court taſted his

Hudibras: Wycherley, that the Town liked his Plain Dealer: and the late duke of Buckingham deferred to publiſh his Rehearſal, till he was ſure (as he expreſſed it) that my lord Dorſet would not rehearſe upon him again. If we wanted a foreign teſtimony; La Fontaine and St. Evremond have acknowledged, that he was a perfect maſter in the beauty and fineneſs of their language, and of all that they call les Belles Letres. Nor was this nicety of his judgement confined only to books and literature; but was the ſame in ſtatuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bermini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and king Charles did not agree with Lely, that my lady Cleveland's picture was finiſhed, till it had the approbation of my lord Buckhurſt.

As the judgement which he made of others writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinſically and ſolidly valuable; ſuch as, wrought or beaten thinner, would ſhine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expreſſion of it ſo particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my lord Dorſet's: and yet it was ſo eaſy too, that every body was ready to imagine himſelf capable of writing it. There is a luſtre in his verſes, like that of the ſun in Claude Lorrain's landſkips: it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verſes have a mixture of delicacy and ſtrength: they convey the wit of Petronius in the ſoftneſs of Tibullus. His ſatire indeed

is

is ſo ſeverely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the earl of Rocheſter (that other prodigy of the age) ſays he was,

"The beſt good man, with the worſt-natur'd muſe:"

yet even here, that character may juſtly be applied to him, which Perſius gives of the beſt writer of this kind that ever lived,

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
"Tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit:"

and the gentleman had always ſo much the better of the ſatiriſt, that the perſons touched did not know where to fix their reſentments; and were forced to appear rather aſhamed than angry. Yet ſo far was this great author from valuing himſelf upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body elſe did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which however are always repeated: like the verſes and ſayings of the antient Druids, they retain an univerſal veneration, though they are preſerved only by memory.

As it is often ſeen, that thoſe men who are leaſt qualified for buſineſs love it moſt; my lord Dorſet's character was, that he certainly underſtood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the poſſeſſion of two plentiful eſtates, and in an age when pleaſure was more in faſhion than buſineſs, he turned his parts rather to books and converſation, than to politicks and what more immediately related to the publick. But, whenever the ſafety

of his country demanded his aſſiſtance, he readily entered into the moſt active parts of life; and underwent the greateſt dangers, with a conſtancy of mind, which ſhewed, that he had not only read the rules of philoſophy, but underſtood the practice of them.

In the firſt Dutch war, he went a volunteer under the duke of York: his behaviour, during that campaign, was ſuch, as diſtinguiſhed the Sackville deſcended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greateſt captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a ſong the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettieſt that ever was made) carries with it ſo ſodate a preſence of mind, and ſuch an unuſual gallantry, that it deſerves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jeſting with his ſoldiers before he paſſed the Granicus; or William the Firſt of Orange, giving orders over-night for a battle, and deſiring to be called in the morning, leſt he ſhould happen to ſleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of king Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leiſure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king, and poſſeſſed not only his maſter's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the court, but when he was ſent to that of France, on ſome ſhort commiſſions and embaſſies of compliment: as if the king deſigned to ſhew the French (who would be thought the politeſt nation) that one of the fineſt gentlemen in Europe was his ſubject; and that we had a

prince who underſtood his worth ſo well, as not to ſuffer him to be long out of his preſence.

The ſucceeding reign neither reliſhed my lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: ſo he retired altogether from court. But, as the irretrievable miſtakes of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with ſomething more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to reſume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himſelf in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the prince of Orange's intereſt; and carried on his part of that great enterpriſe here in London, and under the eye of the court, with the ſame reſolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot, the late duke of Devonſhire, did in open arms at Nottingham; till the dangers of thoſe times encreaſed to extremity, and juſt apprehenſions aroſe for the ſafety of the princeſs, our preſent glorious queen: then the earl of Dorſet was thought the propereſt guide of her neceſſary flight, and the perſon under whoſe courage and direction the nation might moſt ſafely truſt a charge ſo precious and important.

After the eſtabliſhment of their late majeſties upon the throne, there was room again at court for men of my lord's character. He had a part in the councils of thoſe princes, a great ſhare in their friendſhip, and all the marks of diſtinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majeſties houſehold; a place which he ſo eminently adorned by the grace of his perſon, the fineneſs of his breeding, and the knowledge and prac-

tice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in theſe qualifications by one great man, who has ſince held the ſame ſtaff.

The laſt honours he received from his ſovereign (and indeed they were the greateſt which a ſubject could receive) were, that he was made knight of the garter, and conſtituted one of the regents of the kingdom during his majeſty's abſence. But his health, about that time, ſenſibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the buſineſs to thoſe who delighted more in the ſtate of it, and appeared only ſometimes at council, to ſhew his reſpect to the commiſſion; giving as much leiſure as he could to the relief of thoſe pains with which it pleaſed God to afflict him; and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the proſpect. Upon the whole, it may very juſtly be ſaid of this great man, with regard to the publick, that through the courſe of his life he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to ſit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters ſmooth; but vigilant and ready to reſume the helm, when the ſtorm aroſe, and the ſea grew tumultuous.

I aſk your pardon, my Lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late lord Dorſet's character: if I examine it not without ſome intention of finding faults, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) ſet his blemiſhes and imperfections in open view.

The

The fire of his youth carried him to ſome exceſſes; but they were accompanied with a moſt lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and eaſy miſtakes of a night too gayly ſpent (and that too in the beginning of life) were always ſet right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuſe with them; and his very failings had their beauties. So much ſweetneſs accompanied what he ſaid, and ſo great generoſity what he did, that people were always prepoſſeſſed in his favour: and it was in fact true, what the late earl of Rocheſter ſaid in jeſt to king Charles, that he did not know how it was, but my lord Dorſet might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very ſubject to paſſion; but the ſhort guſt was ſoon over, and ſerved only to ſet off the charms of his temper, when more compoſed. That very paſſion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it laſted, he ſaid and forgot a thouſand things, which other men would have been glad to have ſtudied and wrote; but the impetuoſity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the meaſure altered with ſuch grace and delicacy, that you could ſcarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very ſharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were ſure to wound; but they were ſure too to hit none, but thoſe whoſe follies gave him very fair aim. And, when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common error; by men's tedious and circumſtantial recitals of

their

their affairs; or by their multiplied queſtions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence; or the mixture of theſe, an ill-judged and never-ceaſing civility; or, laſtly, by the two things which were his utter averſion, the inſinuation of a flatterer, and the whiſper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we ſet the piece in its worſt poſition, if its faults be moſt expoſed, the ſhades will ſtill appear very finely joined with their lights, and every imperfection will be diminiſhed by the luſtre of ſome neighbouring virtue. But, if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole muſt appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He poſſeſſed all thoſe virtues, in the higheſt degree, upon which the pleaſure of ſociety, and the happineſs of life depend: and he exerciſed them with the greateſt decency, and beſt manners. As good-nature is ſaid, by a great *author, to belong more particularly to the Engliſh, than any other nation; it may again be ſaid, that it belonged more particularly to the late earl of Dorſet, than to any other Engliſhman.

A kind huſband he was, without fondneſs; and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a maſter, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects; for he was often ſerved worſe than became his ſtation, from his unwillingneſs to aſſume an authority too ſevere. And, during thoſe little tranſports of paſſion, to which I juſt

* Sprat,

now

now fast he was subject. I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after: for he, that had the good fortune to be dined, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last, that gave us an example of the old house-keeping of an English noble man. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his guests think himself at home: and an abundance, which shewed that the master's hospitality extended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at the table with him.

In his dealings with others: his care and exactness, that every man should have his due, was such, that you would think he had never seen a court: the politeness and civility, with which this justice was administered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours, without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them; and then too, his good-nature did not consent to it, without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as lord chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's pension from Mr. Dryden, who had

long

long before put himſelf out of a poſſibility of receiving any favour from the court; my lord allowed him an equivalent, out of his own eſtate. However diſpleaſed with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his neceſſities; and, while he gave him his aſſiſtance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of theſe excellent qualities, and the perfection of my lord Dorſet's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life, and ſat as viſibly predominant over the other faculties of his ſoul, as ſhe is ſaid to do in heaven above her ſiſter-virtues.

Crouds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were ſtill leſſened by his ſending the moſt proper objects of his bounty to apprentice-ſhips or hoſpitals. The lazy and the ſick, as he accidentally ſaw them, were removed from the ſtreet to the phyſician; and many of them not only reſtored to health, but ſupplied with what might enable them to reſume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The priſoner has often been releaſed, by my lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been ſaved, by his interceſſion with the ſovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To thoſe whoſe circumſtances were ſuch as made them aſhamed of their poverty, he knew how to beſtow his munificence, without offending their modeſty; and, under the notion of frequent preſents, gave them what amounted to a ſubſiſtence. Many yet alive know this to be true; though

he

he told it to none, nor ever was more uneaſy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find, among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Auguſtus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning; Ariſtides, the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend: and bring them in, as examples of my lord Dorſet's wit, his judgement, his juſtice, and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can ſcarce find a parallel in hiſtory itſelf.

Titus was not more the "deliciæ humani generis," on this account, than my lord Dorſet was. And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private eſtate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your poſterity a poſſeſſion for ever; to be imitated; and, if poſſible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I ſcarce knew what life was, ſooner than I found myſelf obliged to his favour; nor have had reaſon to feel any ſorrow ſo ſenſibly as that of his death—

"Ille dies—quem ſemper acerbum
"Semper honoratum (ſic Dî voluiſtis) habebo."

Æneas could not reflect upon the loſs of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I muſt recall the memory of yours: and, when I think whoſe ſon I am writing to, the leaſt I promiſe myſelf, from your goodneſs, is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and

a friendſhip for life. To which that I may with ſome juſtice intitle myſelf, I ſend your Lordſhip a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praiſes, but with my ſincereſt wiſhes that you may deſerve them; that you may employ thoſe extraordinary parts and abilities, with which Heaven has bleſſed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, ſuch as may tell the world whoſe ſon and whoſe ſucceſſor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordſhip is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good-will. If any verſes of my writing ſhould appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorſet, people might ſuſpect them not to be genuine. I have attained my preſent end, if theſe poems prove the diverſion of ſome of your youthful hours, as they have been occaſionally the amuſement of ſome of mine; and I humbly hope, that, as I may hereafter bind up my fuller ſheaf, and lay ſome pieces of a very different nature (the product of my ſeverer ſtudies) at your Lordſhip's feet, I ſhall engage your more ſerious reflection: happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your inſtruction.

I am, with all duty and reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble ſervant,

MAT. PRIOR.

PREFACE.

THE greateſt part of what I have written having been already publiſhed, either ſingly or in ſome of the Miſcellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuſe for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publiſher has given me the honour of ſome things that did not belong to me; and has tranſcribed others ſo imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon ſome of thoſe lighter ſtudies, which I ought long ſince to have quitted; and to publiſh an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worſe.

Thus I beg pardon of the publick for re-printing ſome pieces, which, as they came ſingly from their firſt impreſſion, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonſon's ſhop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more ſafely, in a corner of my own ſtudy.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very diſtant times, and on very different occaſions; and take them as they happen to come. Public panegyricks, amorous odes, ſerious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leiſure hours, who

who had buſineſs enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myſelf much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a paſtoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verſes immediately following it. I wiſh ſhe might be prevailed with to publiſh ſome other pieces of that kind, in which the ſoftneſs of her ſex, and the fineneſs of her genius, conſpire to give her a very diſtinguiſhing character.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

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moſt noble and diſtinguiſhed firſt-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harveſt of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondneſs of my wiſhes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging huſband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the perſuaſion of his eloquence; and have been convinced by the ſolidity of his reaſoning. He has, long ſince, deſerved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed ſome of the greateſt charges of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire diſintereſtment. And as he continues the exerciſes of theſe eminent virtues (which that he may to a very old age, ſhall be my perpetual wiſh), he may be one of the greateſt men that our age, or poſſibly our nation, has bred; and leave materials for a panegyrick, not unworthy the pen of ſome future Pliny.

From ſo noble a ſubject as the earl of Dorſet, to ſo mean a one as myſelf, is (I confeſs) a very pindaric tranſition: I ſhall only ſay one word, and trouble the reader no further. I publiſhed my poems formerly, as Monſieur Jourdain ſold his ſilk: he would not be thought a tradeſman; but ordered ſome pieces to be meaſured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my ſhop, and diſpoſe of all my poetical goods at once: I muſt therefore deſire, that the publick would pleaſe to take them in the groſs; and that every body would run over what he does not like.

POEMS

POEMS

By MR. PRIOR.

On Exodus iii. 14. "I am that I am."

AN ODE.

Written 1688, as an Exercise at St. John's College, Cambridge.

I.

MAN! foolish man!
Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet, steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulph of vast immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.
Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;
Mortify thy learned lust.
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

II.

Let wit her ſails, her oars let wiſdom lend;
The helm let politic experience guide:
Yet ceaſe to hope thy ſhort-liv'd bark ſhall ride
Down ſpreading fate's unnavigable tide.
What though ſtill it farther tend,
Still 'tis farther from its end;
And, in the boſom of that boundleſs ſea,
Still finds its error lengthen with its way.

III.

With daring pride and inſolent delight,
Your doubts reſolv'd you boaſt, your labours crown'd;
And, Ἕυρηκα! your God, forſooth, is found.
Incomprehenſible and infinite.
But is he therefore found? Vain ſearcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition ſhow,
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

IV.

Say, why ſhould the collected main
Itſelf within itſelf contain?
Why to its caverns ſhould it ſometimes creep,
And with delighted ſilence ſleep
On the lov'd boſom of its parent deep?
Why ſhould its numerous waters ſtay
In comely diſcipline, and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high command?
Then, prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the riſing ſurges ſpread
Their opening ranks o'er earth's ſubmiſſive head,
Marching through different paths to different lands?

V. Why

V.

Why does the conſtant ſun
With meaſur'd ſteps his radiant journies run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours,
To leave earth's other part, and riſe in ours?
Why does he wake the correſpondent moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated powers
To beautify the world, and bleſs the night?
Why does each animated ſtar
Love the juſt limits of its proper ſphere?
Why does each conſenting ſign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and ſubſequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

VI.

Man does with dangerous curioſity
Theſe unfathom'd wonders try:
With fancied rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he reſtrains;
And ſtudied lines and fictious circles draws:
Then with imagin'd ſovereignty
Lord of his new hypotheſis he reigns.
He reigns: how long? till ſome uſurper riſe;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wiſe,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this laſt toil again what knowledge flows?
Juſt as much, perhaps, as ſhows
That all his predeceſſor's rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the ſchools;

long before put himſelf out of a poſſibility of receiving any favour from the court; my lord allowed him an equivalent, out of his own eſtate. However diſpleaſed with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he relieved his neceſſities; and, while he gave him his aſſiſtance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his error.

The foundation indeed of theſe excellent qualities, and the perfection of my lord Dorſet's character, was that unbounded charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life, and ſat as viſibly predominant over the other faculties of his ſoul, as ſhe is ſaid to do in heaven above her ſiſter-virtues.

Crouds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were ſtill leſſened by his ſending the moſt proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeſhips or hoſpitals. The lazy and the ſick, as he accidentally ſaw them, were removed from the ſtreet to the phyſician; and many of them not only reſtored to health, but ſupplied with what might enable them to reſume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The priſoner has often been releaſed, by my lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been ſaved, by his interceſſion with the ſovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To thoſe whoſe circumſtances were ſuch as made them aſhamed of their poverty, he knew how to beſtow his munificence, without offending their modeſty; and, under the notion of frequent preſents, gave them what amounted to a ſubſiſtence. Many yet alive know this to be true; though

he

he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find, among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Auguſtus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning; Ariſtides, the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend: and bring them in, as examples of my lord Dorſet's wit, his judgement, his juſtice, and his civility. But for his charity, my Lord, we can ſcarce find a parallel in hiſtory itſelf.

Titus was not more the "deliciæ humani generis," on this account, than my lord Dorſet was. And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private eſtate. Let this, my Lord, remain to you and your poſterity a poſſeſſion for ever; to be imitated; and, if poſſible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I ſcarce knew what life was, ſooner than I found myſelf obliged to his favour; nor have had reaſon to feel any ſorrow ſo ſenſibly as that of his death—

"Ille dies—quem ſemper acerbum
"Semper honoratum (ſic Dî voluiſtis) habebo."

Æneas could not reflect upon the loſs of his own father with greater piety, my Lord, than I muſt recall the memory of yours: and, when I think whoſe ſon I am writing to, the leaſt I promiſe myſelf, from your goodneſs, is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and

a friendſhip for life. To which that I may with ſome juſtice intitle myſelf, I ſend your Lordſhip a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praiſes, but with my ſincereſt wiſhes that you may deſerve them; that you may employ thoſe extraordinary parts and abilities, with which Heaven has bleſſed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, ſuch as may tell the world whoſe ſon and whoſe ſucceſſor you are.

What I now offer to your Lordſhip is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good-will. If any verſes of my writing ſhould appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorſet, people might ſuſpect them not to be genuine. I have attained my preſent end, if theſe poems prove the diverſion of ſome of your youthful hours, as they have been occaſionally the amuſement of ſome of mine; and I humbly hope, that, as I may hereafter bind up my fuller ſheaf, and lay ſome pieces of a very different nature (the product of my ſeverer ſtudies) at your Lordſhip's feet, I ſhall engage your more ſerious reflection: happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your inſtruction.

I am, with all duty and reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obedient, and

moſt humble ſervant,

MAT. PRIOR.

PREFACE.

THE greateſt part of what I have written having been already publiſhed, either ſingly or in ſome of the Miſcellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuſe for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publiſher has given me the honour of ſome things that did not belong to me; and has tranſcribed others ſo imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon ſome of thoſe lighter ſtudies, which I ought long ſince to have quitted; and to publiſh an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worſe.

Thus I beg pardon of the publick for re-printing ſome pieces, which, as they came ſingly from their firſt impreſſion, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonſon's ſhop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more ſafely, in a corner of my own ſtudy.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very diſtant times, and on very different occaſions; and take them as they happen to come. Public panegyricks, amorous odes, ſerious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leiſure hours, who

who had buſineſs enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myſelf much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a paſtoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verſes immediately following it. I wiſh ſhe might be prevailed with to publiſh ſome other pieces of that kind, in which the ſoftneſs of her ſex, and the fineneſs of her genius, conſpire to give her a very diſtinguiſhing character.

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And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wiſe,
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From this laſt toil again what knowledge flows?
Juſt as much, perhaps, as ſhows
That all his predeceſſor's rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the ſchools;

That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne;
And ſhows his friend's miſtake, and thence confirms his own.

VII.

On earth, in air, amidſt the ſeas and ſkies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders riſe;
Whoſe towering ſtrength will ne'er ſubmit
To reaſon's batteries, or the mines of wit:
Yet ſtill enquiring, ſtill miſtaken man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward preſs;
And, leveling at God his wandering gueſs
(That feeble engine of his reaſoning war,
Which guides his doubts, and combats his deſpair),
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give:
Can bound that nature, and preſcribe that will,
Whoſe pregnant word did either ocean fill:
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move and live.
Through either ocean, fooliſh man!
That pregnant word ſent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there;
For every drop call forth a ſea, a heaven for every ſtar.

VIII.

Let cunning earth her fruitful wonders hide;
And only lift thy ſtaggering reaſon up
To trembling Calvary's aſtoniſh'd top;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection ſuffer'd pain,
Almighty languiſh'd, and Eternal dyed:
How by her patient victor death was ſlain;
And earth prophan'd, yet bleſs'd, with Deicide.

Then

Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
Only reserve the sacred One:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;
Weep out thy Reason's and thy body's eyes;
Deject thyself, that thou mayst rise;
To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.

IX.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall give
Her immortal perspective;
And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
That all the volumes of Philosophy,
With all their comments, never could invent,
So politic an instrument,
To reach the Heaven of Heavens, the High Abode,
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was the ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkness clear'd;
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
Which Faith had dictated, and Angels trod.

Considerations on Part of the 88th PSALM.

A COLLEGE EXERCISE. 1690.

I.

HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgements lie,
Accurst I am, while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan;
And every place is hell; for God is gone.

O! Lord, ariſe, and let thy beams controul
Thoſe horrid clouds, that preſs my frighted ſoul:
Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of Light.

II.

Downward I haſten to my deſtin'd place;
There none obtain thy aid, or ſing thy praiſe.
Soon I ſhall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd:
Is mercy there; or ſweet forgiveneſs found?
O ſave me yet, whilſt on the brink I ſtand;
Rebuke the ſtorm, and waft my ſoul to land.
O let her reſt beneath thy wing ſecure,
Thou that art the God of Power.

III.

Behold the prodigal! to thee I come,
To hail my father, and to ſeek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Straying in vice, and deſtitute of God.
O let thy terrors, and my anguiſh end!
Be thou my refuge and be thou my friend:
Receive the ſon thou didſt ſo long reprove,
Thou that art the God of Love.

To the Rev. Dr. F. TURNER, Biſhop of ELY; who had adviſed a Tranſlation of PRUDENTIUS.

IF poets, ere they cloath'd their infant thought,
And the rude work to juſt perfection brought,
Did ſtill ſome god, or godlike man invoke,
Whoſe mighty name their ſacred ſilence broke:

Your

Your goodneſs, Sir, will eaſily excuſe,
The bold requeſts of an aſpiring Muſe;
Who, with your bleſſing would your aid implore,
And in her weakneſs juſtify your power.—
From your fair pattern ſhe would ſtrive to write,
And with unequal ſtrength purſue your flight;
Yet hopes, ſhe ne'er can err that follows you,
Led by your bleſt commands, and great example too.
Then ſmiling and aſpiring influence give,
And make the Muſe and her endeavours live;
Claim all her future labours as your due,
Let every ſong begin and end with you:
So to the bleſt retreat ſhe'll gladly go,
Where the Saints' palm and Muſes' laurel grow;
Where kindly both in glad embrace ſhall join,
And round your brow their mingled honours twine;
Both to the virtue due, which could excel,
As much in writing, as in living well.—
So ſhall ſhe proudly preſs the tuneful ſtring,
And mighty things in mighty numbers ſing;
Nor doubt to ſtrike Prudentius' daring lyre,
And humbly bring the verſe which you inſpire.

A PASTORAL. To the Biſhop of ELY; on his Departure from Cambridge.

DAMON.

TELL, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why
Doſt thou in mournful ſhades obſcurely lie?

Why

Why doſt thou ſigh, why ſtrike thy panting breaſt?
And ſteal from life the needful hours of reſt?
Are thy kids ſtarv'd by winter's early froſt?
Are any of thy bleating ſtragglers loſt?
Have ſtrangers' cattle trod thy new-plough'd ground?
Has great Joanna, or her greater ſhepherd, frown'd?

ALEXIS.

See my kids browze, my lambs ſecurely play:
(Ah! were their maſter unconcern'd as they!)
No beaſts (at noon I look'd) had trod my ground;
Nor has Joanna, or her ſhepherd, frown'd.

DAMON.

Then ſtop the laviſh fountain of your eyes,
Nor let thoſe ſighs from your ſwoln boſom riſe;
Chaſe ſadneſs, friend, and ſolitude away;
And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortur'd ſouls annoy,
Than to behold, admire, and loſe our joy;
Whoſe fate more hard than thoſe who ſadly run,
For the laſt glimpſe of the departing ſun?
Or what ſeverer ſentence can be given,
Than, having ſeen, to be excluded heaven?

DAMON.

None, ſhepherd, none —

AL. — Then ceaſe to chide my cares!
And rather pity than reſtrain my tears;
Thoſe tears, my Damon, which I juſtly ſhed,
To think how great my joys; how ſoon they fled;

I told

I told thee, friend, (now bleſs the ſhepherd's name,
From whoſe dear care the kind occaſion came,)
That I, even I, might happily receive
The ſacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis give:
That I might ſee the lovely awful ſwain,
Whoſe holy croſier guides our willing plain;
Whoſe pleaſing power and ruling goodneſs keep
Our ſouls with equal care as we our ſheep;
Whoſe praiſe excites each lyre, employs each tongue:
Whilſt only he who caus'd, diſlikes the ſong.
To this great, humble, parting man I gain'd
Acceſs, and happy for an hour I reign'd;
Happy as new-form'd man in paradiſe,
Ere ſin debauch'd his inoffenſive bliſs;
Happy as heroes after battles won,
Prophets entranc'd, or monarchs on the throne;
But (oh, my friend!) thoſe joys with Daphnis flew:
To them theſe tributary tears are due.

DAMON.

Was he ſo humble then? thoſe joys ſo vaſt?
Ceaſe to admire that both ſo quickly paſt.
Too happy ſhould we be, would ſmiling fate
Render one bleſſing durable and great;
But (oh the ſad viciſſitude!) how ſoon
Unwelcome night ſucceeds the chearful noon;
And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of June!
Then grieve not, friend, like you, ſince all mankind
A certain change of joy and ſorrow find.
Suppreſs your ſigh, your down-caſt eyelids raiſe,
Whom preſent you revere, him abſent praiſe.

To the COUNTESS of EXETER, playing on the Lute.

WHAT charms you have, from what high race you ſprung,
Have been the pleaſing ſubjects of my ſong:
Unſkill'd and young, yet ſomething ſtill I writ,
Of Ca'ndiſh' beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you pleaſe to ſhew the labouring Muſe,
What greater theme your Muſick can produce;
My babbling praiſes I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, ſtand ſilent, and adore.
The Perſians thus, firſt gazing on the ſun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it ſhone:
But, as his power was known, their thoughts were rais'd;
And ſoon they worſhip'd, what at firſt they prais'd.
Eliza's glory lives in Spenſer's ſong;
And Cowley's verſe keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excell,
The Muſe might dictate, and the Poet tell:
Your art no other art can ſpeak; and you,
To ſhew how well you play, muſt play anew:
Your muſick's power your muſick muſt diſcloſe;
For what light is, 'tis only light that ſhows.
Strange force of harmony, that thus controuls
Our thoughts, and turns and ſanctifies our ſouls:
While with its utmoſt art your ſex could move
Our wonder only, or at beſt our love:

You

You far above both theſe your God did place,
That your high power might worldly thoughts deſtroy;
That with your numbers you our zeal might raiſe,
And, like Himſelf, communicate your joy.
When to your native heaven you ſhall repair,
And with your preſence crown the bleſſings there,
Your lute may wind its ſtrings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire.
Your art is perfect here; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude Atheiſt know,
That there's a heaven by what he hears below.
As in ſome piece, while Luke his ſkill expreſt,
A cunning angel came, and drew the reſt:
So when you play, ſome godhead does impart
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art;
Some cherub finiſhes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.
To burning Rome, when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had ſurvey'd
The raging flames; but, ſtruck with ſtrange ſurprize,
Confeſs'd them leſs than thoſe of Anna's eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he ſoon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd:
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the ſtone,
And from deſtruction call'd the riſing town:
Malice to muſick had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn ſo faſt, as thou could'ſt build.

On

On a Picture of SENECA dying in a Bath. Jordain. At the Right Hon. the Earl EXETER's, at Burleigh-houſe.

WHILE cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By ſtudy worn, and ſlack with age,
How dull, how thoughtleſs, is his rage!
Heighten'd revenge would he have took,
He ſhould have burnt his tutor's book;
And long have reign'd ſupreme in vice:
One nobler wretch can only riſe;
'Tis he whoſe fury ſhall deface
The ſtoic's image in this piece,
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
He ſtill has body, ſtill has ſoul,
And lives and ſpeaks, reſtor'd and whole.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE blooming youth and gay delight
Sit on thy roſy cheeks confeſt,
Thou haſt, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this deſtin'd breaſt.
My reaſon bends to what thy eyes ordain;
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

II. I

II.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power, you know, I muſt obey?
Exert a legal tyranny;
And do an ill, becauſe you may?
Still muſt I thee, as atheiſts heaven, adore;
Not ſee thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

III.

Take heed, my dear: youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
Soon muſt thoſe glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thouſand Loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Muſt drop their quivers, flag their wings, and die.

IV.

Then wilt thou ſigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peeviſh humours on,
Seems but the ſad effect of years:
Kindneſs itſelf too weak a charm will prove,
To raiſe the feeble fires of aged love.

V.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
Will ſhew thee juſt above neglect:
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will ſettle into cold reſpect:
A talking dull platonic I ſhall turn:
Learn to be civil, when I ceaſe to burn.

VI. Then

VI.

Then ſhun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindneſs and conſtancy will prove
The only pillars, fit to bear
So vaſt a weight as that of love.
If thou canſt wiſh to make my flames endure,
Thine muſt be very fierce, and very pure.

VII.

Haſte, Celia, haſte, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's preſent voice;
Fill every ſenſe with ſoft delights,
And give thy ſoul a looſe to joys:
Let millions of repeated bliſſes prove,
That thou all kindneſs art, and I all love.

VIII.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
To me alone; nor come ſo far,
As liking any youth beſide:
What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe
They're ſerpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

IX.

So ſhall I court thy deareſt truth,
When beauty ceaſes to engage;
So, thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age:
So Time itſelf our raptures ſhall improve,
While ſtill we wake to joy, and live to love.

An Epistle to Fleetwood Shephard, Esq.

WHEN crowding folks, with strange ill faces,
Were making legs, and begging places,
And some with patents, some with merit,
Tir'd out my good lord Dorset's spirit:
Sneaking I stood amongst the crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited while the clock struck thrice,
And footman brought out fifty lies;
Till, patience vext, and legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:
But did opine it might be better,
By penny-post to send a letter;
Now, if you miss of this epistle,
I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.
My business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little place;
And fair pretensions I have for 't,
Much need, and very small desert.
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my learning and my vittle;
Ask'd for me, from my lord, things fitting,
Kind as I 'ad been your own begetting;
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at six and seven,
As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.

No family, that takes a whelp
When firſt he lapa and ſcarce can yelp,
Neglects or turns him out of gate
When he's grown up to dog's eſtate:
Nor pariſh, if they once adopt
The ſpurious brats by ſtrolers dropt,
Leave them, when grown up luſty fellows,
To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
No, thank them for their love, that 's worſe,
Than if they 'ad throttled them at nurſe.
My uncle, reſt his ſoul! when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cyder to repleniſh
My vats, or ebbing tide of rheniſh.
So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
Swear 't had the flavour, and was right wine.
Or ſent me with ten pounds to Furni-
val's inn, to ſome good rogue-attorney;
Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
I 'ad found ſome handſome ways of getting.
All this you made me quit, to follow
That ſneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew
Of folks, I 'ad never ſeen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more invectives to it,
You ſpoil'd the youth, to make a poet.
In common juſtice, Sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.

Among

Among all honeſt chriſtian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.
The ſum of all I have to ſay,
Is, that you'd put me in ſome way;
And your petitioner ſhall pray —
There's one thing more I had almoſt ſlipt,
But that may do as well in poſt-ſcript:
My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd;
Nor would I have it long obſerv'd,
That one mouſe eats, while t'other 's ſtarv'd.

Another EPISTLE to the ſame.

SIR, Burleigh, May 14, 1689.

AS once a twelvemonth to the prieſt,
Holy at Rome, here antichriſt,
The Spaniſh king preſents a jennet,
To ſhew his love;—that 's all that 's in it:
For if his holineſs would thump
His reverend bum 'gainſt horſe's rump,
He might b' equipt from his own ſtable
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as, with gondolas and men, his
Good excellence the duke of Venice
(I wiſh, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the gulph a ring;
Which trick of ſtate, he wiſely maintains,
Keeps kindneſs up 'twixt old acquaintance
For elſe, in honeſt truth, the ſea
Has much leſs need of gold than he.

Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
For popiſh ſimiles beyond ſea;
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;
Preſent a turkey, or a hen,
To thoſe might better ſpare them ten;
Ev'n ſo, with all ſubmiſſion, I
(For firſt men inſtance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay reſpect, and not ſhew wit:
Nor look aſkew at what it ſaith;
'There's no petition in it—'faith.
Here ſome would ſcratch their heads, and try
What they ſhould write, and how, and why;
But I conceive, ſuch folks are quite in
Miſtakes, in theory of writing.
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head;
I argue thus: the world agrees,
That he writes well, who writes with eaſe:
Then he, by ſequel logical,
Writes beſt, who never thinks at all.
Verſe comes from heaven, like inward light;
Mere human pains can ne'er come by 't;
The god, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he ſpeaks.
Hence, when anatomiſts diſcourſe,
How like brutes' organs are to ours;

They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might ſoon be made a wit;
And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might ſqueak love-odes, dogs bark ſatyr.
Memnon, though ſtone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the god, mean while, that ſpoke all.
Rome oft has heard a croſs haranguing,
With prompting prieſt behind the hanging:
The wooden head reſolv'd the queſtion;
While you and Pettis help'd the jeſt on.
Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
Are againſt gods, you know; and teach us,
The gods make not the poet; but
The theſis, vice-verſa put,
Should Hebrew-wiſe be underſtood;
And means, the poet makes the god.
Ægyptian gardeners thus are ſaid to
Have ſet the leeks they after pray'd to;
And Romiſh bakers praiſe the deity
They chipp'd while yet in its paneity.
That when you poets ſwear and cry,
The god inſpires; I rave, I die;
If inward wind does truly ſwell ye,
'T muſt be the colick in your belly:
That writing is but juſt like dice,
And lucky mains make people wiſe:
That jumbled words, if fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a ſpeech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.

So atoms dancing round the center,
They urge, made all things at a venture.
But, granting matters ſhould be ſpoke
By method, rather than by luck;
This may confine their younger ſtyles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's;
But never could be meant to tye
Authentic wits, like you and I:
For as young children, who are tried in
Go-carts, to keep their ſteps from ſliding;
When members knit, and legs grow ſtronger,
Make uſe of ſuch machine no longer;
But leap *pro libitu*, and ſcout
On horſe call'd hobby, or without;
So when at ſchool we firſt declaim,
Old Buſby walks us in a theme,
Whoſe props ſupport our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain:
But, when our ſouls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's eſtate;
In verſe or proſe, we write or chat,
Not ſix-pence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an author ſays;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praiſe.
Tonſon, who is himſelf a wit,
Counts writers' merits by the ſheet.
Thus each ſhould down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.
Kind Sir, I ſhould be glad to ſee you;
I hope y' are well; ſo God be wi' you;

Was

Was all I thought at firſt to write;
But things ſince then are alter'd quite;
Fancies flow in, and Muſe flies high:
So God knows when my clack will lie:
I muſt, Sir, prattle on, as afore,
And beg your pardon yet this half-hour.

So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my grannam I have gone,
When Lobb had fifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next;
"Now to apply," has plagu'd me more,
Than all his villain cant before.

For your religion, firſt, of her
Your friends do ſavoury things aver:
They ſay, ſhe's honeſt, as your claret,
Not four'd with cant, nor ſtumm'd with merit;
Your chamber is the ſole retreat
Of chaplains every Sunday night:
Of grace, no doubt, a certain ſign,
When lay-man herds with man divine;
For if their fame be juſtly great,
Who would no popiſh nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we muſt grant,
Who will treat nuncio's proteſtant.
One ſingle poſitive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a ſcore.

In politicks, I hear, you're ſtanch,
Directly bent againſt the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden ſhoe:

Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
The public welfare, in your private;
And will for England's glory try
Turks, Jews, and Jeſuits, to defy,
And keep your places till you die.

For me, whom wandering fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you:
Let me juſt tell you how my time is
Paſt in a country life.—Imprimis,
As ſoon as Phœbus' rays inſpect us,
Firſt, Sir, I read, and then I breakfaſt;
So on, till foreſaid god does ſet,
I ſometimes ſtudy, ſometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes ſuch noiſe,
The greateſt actions I can find,
Are, that they did their work, and din'd.

The books, of which I 'm chiefly fond,
Are ſuch as you have whilom conn'd;
That treat of China's civil law,
And ſubjects' right in Golconda;
Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that ſtorm, or keep a town,
As well almoſt as Count Lauzun;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, ſatyrs,
And twenty other ſtranger matters;
Which, though they 're things I 've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.

Criticks

Criticks I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whoſe remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your wits that fleer and ſham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
From whom I jeſts and puns purloin,
And ſlily put them off for mine:
Fond to be thought a country wit:
The reſt—when fate and you think fit.
Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottled ale, and neighbouring vicar;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
Squire Shephard's health—With all my heart.
Thus, without much delight or grief,
I fool away an idle life:
Till Shadwell from the town retires
(Choak'd up with fame and ſea-coal fires),
To bleſs the wood with peaceful ease:
Then hey for praiſe and panegyrick;
Juſtice reſtor'd, and nations free,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

To the COUNTESS of [illegible].
Written in her Milton. By Mr. [illegible].

SEE here how bright the [illegible]
And how the firſt fond lover [illegible]
Such charming words, our [illegible]
As Milton wrote, and ſuch as [illegible]

Yours, the beſt copy of th' original face,
Whoſe beauty was to furniſh all the race:
Such chains no author could eſcape but he;
There 's no way to be ſafe, but not to ſee.

To the Lady DURSLEY. On the ſame Subject.

HERE reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by ſin Eve's blaſted charms decay'd;
Our common loſs unjuſtly you complain;
So ſmall that part of it, which you ſuſtain.
You ſtill, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The ſtock of beauty deſtin'd for the race:
Kind nature, forming them, the pattern took
From Heaven's firſt work, and Eve's original look.
You, happy ſaint, the ſerpent's power controul:
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your ſoul:
And hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boaſt,
Which gains a Heaven, for earthly Eden loſt.
With virtue ſtrong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had bluſh'd, or ſerpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliſs by penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

To my Lord BUCKHURST, very young, playing with a CAT.

THE amorous youth, whoſe tender breaſt
Was by his darling cat poſſeſt,
Obtain'd of Venus his deſire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:

Nature

Nature the power of love obey'd,
The cat became a blushing maid;
And, on the happy change, the boy
Employ'd his wonder and his joy.
Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
Leſt thou prefer ſo raſh a prayer:
Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
Will e'er thy favourite's charms improve.
O quickly from her ſhrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy darling's fate.
The queen of love, who ſoon will ſee
Her own Adonis live in thee,
Will lightly her firſt loſs deplore;
Will eaſily forgive the boar:
Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
With jealous rage her breaſt will glow:
And, on her tabby rival's face,
She deep will mark her new diſgrace.

AN ODE.

I.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you gueſs
The ſecret paſſions of our mind;
My heavy eyes, you ſay, confeſs,
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

II.

There needs, alas! but little art,
To have this fatal ſecret found;
With the ſame eaſe you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may ſhew the wound.

III. How

III.

How can I ſee you, and not love,
While you as opening eaſt are fair?
While cold as northern blaſts you prove,
How can I love, and not deſpair?

IV.

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may releaſe:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair propheteſs, my grief would ceaſe.

A SONG.

IN vain you tell your parting lover,
You wiſh fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal thoſe that I ſuſtain,
From ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain?

Be gentle, and in pity chooſe
To wiſh the wildeſt tempeſts looſe:
That, thrown again upon the coaſt
Where firſt my ſhipwreck'd heart was loſt,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of ſlighted vows, and cold diſdain.

The

The DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

ALEXIS ſhunn'd his fellow-ſwains,
Their rural ſports, and jocund ſtrains:
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's bow!)
He loſt his crook, he left his flocks;
And, wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs woe.

The nymphs and ſhepherds round him came:
His grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal cauſe all kindly ſeek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave them back their friendly tears:
He ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak.

Clorinda came among the reſt;
And ſhe too kind concern expreſt,
And aſk'd the reaſon of his woe:
She aſk'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The ſhepherd rais'd his mournful head;
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breaſt ſhould tear;
Which never ſhould offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cauſe of all my care:
Your eyes ten thouſand dangers dart;
Ten thouſand torments vex my heart:
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cried:
But you ſhall promiſe ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or ſpeak your pain:
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

To the Hon. CHARLES MONTAGUE, Eſq. afterwards Earl of HALIFAX.

I.

HOWE'ER, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through fate's preverſe mæander errs,
He can imagin'd pleaſures find,
To combat againſt real cares.

II.

Fancies and notions he purſues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each, like the Grecian artiſt, woos
The image he himſelf has wrought.

III.

Againſt experience he believes;
He argues againſt demonſtration;
Pleas'd, when his reaſon he deceives;
And ſets his judgement by his paſſion.

IV. The

IV.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has ſtruggled with continued ſorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The deſperate bett upon to-morrow.

V.

To-morrow comes: 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to ſeek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

VI.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height:
The little pleaſure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

VII.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In ſearch of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthleſs prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

VIII.

At diſtance through an artful glaſs
To the mind's eye things will appear:
They loſe their forms, and make a maſs
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

IX.

If we ſee right, we ſee our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
The only wretched are the wiſe.

X.

We wearied ſhould lie down in death:
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame but empty breath,
I, Phillis but a perjur'd whore.

Ad Virum doctiſſimum Dominum SAMUELEM SHAW, cum Theſes de Ictero pro Gradu Doctoris defenderet, 4 Junii, 1692.

PHOEBE potens ſævis morbis vel lædere gentes,
Læſas ſoferti vel relevare manu,
Aſpice tu decus hoc noſtrum, placiduſque fatere
Indomitus quantum profit in arte labor:
Non icterum poſthac peſtemve minaberis orbi,
Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona;
Neglectum telum dejice, ſume lyram.

Tranſlation. By Mr. COOKE.

O! PHOEBUS, deity, whoſe powerful hand
Can ſpread diſeaſes through the joyful land,
Alike all-powerful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations ſmile again;
When this our pride you ſee, confeſs you find
In him what art can do with labour join'd:
No more the world thy direful threats ſhall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy, is near:
Appreſs thy rage; with verſe thy ſon inſpire,
He dart neglected, to aſſume the lyre.

On

On the Taking of NAMUR.

THE town which Louis bought, Naſſau re-claims,
And brings inſtead of bribes avenging flames.
Now, Louis, take thy titles from above,
Boileau ſhall ſing, and we'll believe thee Jove:
Jove gain'd his miſtreſs with alluring gold,
But Jove like thee was impotent and old!
Active and young did he like William ſtand,
He 'ad ſtunn'd the dame, his thunder in his hand.

ODE; in Imitation of HORACE, 3 Od. ii. Written in 1692.

I.

HOW long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargic ſleep, the ſad repoſe,
By which thy cloſe, thy conſtant enemy,
Has ſoftly lull'd thee to thy woes?
Or wake, degenerate iſle, or ceaſe to own
What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done;
The ſpoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won:
William (ſo fate requires) again is arm'd;
Thy father to the field is gone:
Again Maria weeps her abſent lord,
For thy repoſe content to rule alone.

Are thy enervate ſons not yet alarm'd?
When William fights, dare they look tamely on,
So ſlow to get their ancient fame reſtor'd,
As nor to melt at Beauty's tears, nor follow Valour's ſword?

II.

See the repenting iſle awakes,
Her vicious chains the generous goddeſs breaks:
The fogs around her temples are diſpell'd;
Abroad ſhe looks, and ſees arm'd Belgia ſtand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's command;
Her lions roaring by her ſide, her arrows in her hand:
And, bluſhing to have been ſo long with-held,
Weeps off her crime, and haſtens to the field:
Henceforth her youth ſhall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous toil and active war:
To march beneath the dog-ſtar's raging heat,
Patient of ſummer's drought, and martial ſweat;
And only grieve in winter's camps to find
Its days too ſhort for labours they deſign'd:
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;
All day to mount the trench, to ſtorm the breach;
And all the rugged paths to tread,
Where William and his virtue lead.

III.

Silence is the ſoul of war;
Deliberate counſel muſt prepare
The mighty work, which valour muſt compleat:
Thus William reſcued, thus preſerves the ſtate;
Thus teaches us to think and dare.

As

As whilſt his cannon juſt prepar'd to breathe
Avenging anger and ſwift death,
In the tried metal the cloſe dangers glow,
And now, too late, the dying foe
Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow;
So whilſt in William's breaſt ripe counſels lie,
Secret and ſure as brooding Fate,
No more of his deſign appears,
Than what awakens Gallia's fears;
And (though Guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)
Diſtracted Lewis can deſcry
Only a long unmeaſur'd ruin nigh.

IV.

On Norman coaſts and banks of frighted Seine
Lo! the impending ſtorms begin:
Britannia ſafely through her maiden ſea,
Plows up her victorious way.
The French Salmoneus thrones his boats in vain,
Whilſt the true Thunderer aſſerts the main:
'Tis done! to ſhelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift victory in vengeful flames
Burns down the pride of their preſumptuous names;
They run to ſhipwreck to avoid our fire,
And the torn veſſels that regain their coaſt
Are but ſad marks to ſhew the reſt are loſt:
All this the mild, the beauteous, Queen has done,
And William's ſofter-half ſhakes Lewis' throne:
Maria does the ſea command
Whilſt Gallia flies her huſband's arms by land.

So, the Sun abſent, with full ſway the Moon
Governs the iſles, and rules the waves alone:
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
Io Britannia! looſe thy ocean's chains,
Whilſt Ruſſel ſtrikes the blow thy queen ordains:
Thus reſcued, thus rever'd, for ever ſtand,
And bleſs the counſel, and reward the hand,
Io Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

V.

From Mary's conqueſts, and the reſcued main,
Let France look forth to Sambre's armed ſhore,
And boaſt her joy for William's death no more.
He lives; let France confeſs, the victor lives:
Her triumphs for his death were vain,
And ſpoke her terror of his life too plain.
The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
In which *that one* of Lewis' many wives,
Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
Shall o'er the plains, from diſtant towers on high,
Caſt around her mournful eye,
And with prophetic ſorrow cry:
"Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight?
Why does deſpair provoke his age to fight?
As well the wolf may venture to engage
The angry lion's generous rage;
The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,
As ſafely tempt the ſtooping eagle's flight;
As Lewis to unequal arms defy
Yon' hero, crown'd with blooming victory,

Juſt triumphing o'er rebel-rage reſtrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
See! all yon' duſty field 's quite cover'd o'er
With hoſtile troops, and Orange at their head;
Orange, deſtin'd to complete
The great deſigns of labouring Fate;
Orange, the name that tyrants dread:
He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more;
Down, like the Perſian, goes the Gallic throne;
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on."

VI.

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,
Let Fear look back, and ſtretch her haſty wing,
Impatient to ſecure a baſe retreat:
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
For the vile privilege to breathe,
To live with ſhame in dread of glorious death!
In vain: for Fate has ſwifter wings than Fear,
She follows hard, and ſtrikes him in the rear;
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
His back transfix'd with a diſhoneſt wound;
Whilſt through the fierceſt troops, and thickeſt preſs,
Virtue carries on ſucceſs;
Whilſt equal Heaven guards the diſtinguiſh'd brave,
And armies cannot hurt whom angels ſave.

VII.

Virtue to verſe immortal luſtre gives,
Each by the other's mutual friendſhip lives;
Æneas ſuffer'd, and Achilles fought,
The Hero's acts enlarg'd the Poet's thought,

Or Virgil's majeſty, and Homer's rage,
Had ne'er like laſting nature vanquiſh'd age.
Whilſt Lewis then his riſing terror drowns
With drums' alarms, and trumpets' ſounds,
Whilſt, hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
From danger as from honour far,
He bribes cloſe murder againſt open war:
In vain you Gallic Muſes ſtrive
With labour'd verſe to keep his fame alive:
Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raiſe
On the weak baſis of the tyrant's praiſe:
Your ſongs are ſold, your numbers are profane,
'Tis incenſe to an idol given,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man
That had no ſoul from Heaven.
Againſt his will, you chain your frighted king
On rapid Rhine's divided bed;
And mock your hero, whilſt ye ſing
The wounds for which he never bled;
Falſhood does poiſon on your praiſe diffuſe,
And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's Muſe.

VIII.

On its own worth true majeſty is rear'd,
And Virtue is her own reward;
With ſolid beams and native glory bright,
She neither darkneſs dreads, nor covets light;
True to herſelf, and fix'd to inborn laws,
Nor ſunk by ſpite, nor lifted by applauſe,
She from her ſettled orb looks calmly down,
On life or death, a priſon or a crown.

Wher.

When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
To foreign arms and inward ſtrife a prey,
Whilſt one good man buoy'd up her ſinking ſtate,
And Virtue labour'd againſt Fate;
When Fortune baſely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the Patriot's mind;
When ſtorms let looſe, and raging ſeas,
Juſt ready the torn veſſel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful pilot from his helm,
Nor all the Syren ſongs of future peace,
And dazzling proſpect of a promis'd crown,
Could lure his ſtubborn virtue down;
But againſt charms, and threats, and hell, he ſtood,
To that which was ſeverely good;
Then, had no trophies juſtified his fame,
No Poet bleſt his ſong with Naſſau's name,
Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
And Heaven as plainly pointed out THE KING,
As when he at the altar ſtood
In all his types and robes of power,
Whilſt at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there adore.

IX.

Say, joyful Maeſe, and Boyne's victorious flood,
(For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
When William's armies paſt, did he retire,
Or view from far the battle's diſtant fire?
Could he believe his perſon was too dear?
Or uſe his greatneſs to conceal his fear?

Could prayers or ſighs the dauntleſs hero move?
Arm'd with Heaven's juſtice, and his people's love,
Through the firſt waves he wing'd his venturous way:
And on the adverſe ſhore aroſe,
(Ten thouſand flying deaths in vain oppoſe).
Like the great Ruler of the day,
With ſtrength and ſwiftneſs mounting from the ſea:
Like him all day he toil'd; but long in night
The god had eas'd his wearied light,
Ere vengeance left the ſtubborn foes,
Or William's labours found repoſe!
When his troops faulter'd, ſtept not he between?
Reſtor'd the dubious fight again,
Mark'd out the coward that durſt fly,
And led the fainting brave to Victory?
Still as ſhe fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful courſe, ſtill brought her bleeding back?
By his keen ſword did not the boldeſt fall?
Was he not king, commander, ſoldier, all?—
His dangers ſuch as, with becoming dread,
His ſubjects yet unborn ſhall weep to read?
And were not thoſe the only days that e'er
The pious prince refus'd to hear
His friends' advices, or his ſubjects' prayer?

X.

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
Or fills his vaſſals' tributary urns;
To Belgia's ſav'd dominions, and the ſea,
Whoſe righted waves rejoice in William's ſway;

Is there a town where children are not taught,
Here Holland proſper'd, for here Orange fought;
Through rapid waters, and through flying fire,
Here ruſh'd the prince, here made whole France retire?
By different nations be his valour bleſt,
In different languages confeſt;
And then let Shannon ſpeak the reſt:
Let Shannon ſpeak, how on her wondering ſhore,
When Conqueſt hovering on his arms did wait,
And only aſk'd ſome lives to bribe her o'er;
The god-like man, the more than conqueror,
With high contempt ſent back the ſpecious bait;
And, ſcorning glory at a price too great,
With ſo much power, ſuch piety did join,
As made a perfect virtue ſoar
A pitch unknown to man before;
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er thoſe of Boyne.

XI.

Nor do his ſubjects only ſhare
The proſperous fruits of his indulgent reign;
His enemies approve the pious war,
Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain.
More than his ſword his goodneſs ſtrikes his foes;
They bleſs his arms, and ſigh they muſt oppoſe.
Juſtice and freedom on his conqueſts wait;
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:
Succeeding times ſhall with long joy contend,
If he were more a victor, or a friend:
So much his courage and his mercy ſtrive,
He wounds, to cure; and conquers, to forgive.

XII.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cauſe,
Redreſs'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
To my adventurous ſong juſt witneſs bear,
Aſſiſt the pious Muſe, and hear her ſwear;
That 'tis no Poet's thought, no flight of youth,
But ſolid ſtory, and ſevereſt truth,
That William treaſures up a greater name,
Than any country, any age, can boaſt:
And all that ancient ſtock of fame
He did from his fore-fathers take,
He has improv'd, and gives with intereſt back;
And in his conſtellation does unite
Their ſcatter'd rays of fainter light:
Above or Envy's laſh, or Fortune's wheel
That ſettled glory ſhall for ever dwell:
Above the rolling orbs, and common ſky,
Where nothing comes that e'er ſhall die.

XIII.

Where roves the Muſe? Where, thoughtleſs to return,
Is her ſhort-liv'd veſſel borne,
By potent winds too ſubject to be toſt,
And in the ſea of William's praiſes loſt?
Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the ſhore,
Where our abandon'd youth ſhe ſees,
Shipwreck'd in luxury, and loſt in eaſe;
Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:
Tell them, howe'er, the king can yet forgive
Their guilty ſloth, their homage yet receive,
And let their wounded honour live:

But ſure and ſudden be their juſt remorſe;
Swift be their virtue's riſe, and ſtrong its courſe;
For though for certain years and deſtin'd times,
Merit has lain confus'd with crimes;
Though Jove ſeem'd negligent of human cares,
Nor ſcourg'd our follies, nor return'd our prayers,
His juſtice now demands the equal ſcales,
Sedition is ſuppreſs'd, and truth prevails:
Fate its great ends by ſlow degrees attains,
And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

HYMN to the SUN. Set by Dr. H. PURCELL.

And intended to be ſung before their MAJESTIES on New-year's day, 1693-4.

I.

LIGHT of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy ſpeed begin thy great career;
And, as thou doſt thy radiant journies run,
Through every diſtant climate own,
That in fair Albion thou haſt ſeen
The greateſt prince, the brighteſt queen,
That ever ſav'd a land, or bleſt a throne,
Since firſt thy beams were ſpread, or genial power was known.

II.

So may thy godhead be confeſt,
So the returning year be bleſt,

As

As his infant months beſtow
Springing wreaths for William's brow;
As his ſummer's youth ſhall ſhed
Eternal ſweets around Maria's head.
From the bleſſings they beſtow,
Our times are dated, and our æra's move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou doſt all above.

III.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear:
Like thee, great ſon of Jove, like thee
When, clad in riſing majeſty,
Thou marcheſt down o'er Delos' hills confeſt,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory dreſt.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
The raging Python to deſtroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

IV.

From faireſt years, and time's more happy ſtores,
Gather all the ſmiling hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conqueſt have rewarded
Triumphant victors' happy cares;
Such as ſtory has recorded
Sacred to Naſſau's long renown,
For countries ſav'd, and battles won.

V. March

V.

March them again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day deſign'd to wait
On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event, and fair ſucceſs;
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.

VI.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wiſdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's ſake, and ours,
Chooſe out other ſmiling hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counſels were adviſing;
Such as have lucky omens ſhed
O'er forming laws, and empires riſing;
Such as many courſes ran,
Hand in hand a goodly train,
To bleſs the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory ſhow,
What fuller bliſs Maria ſhall beſtow.

VII.

As the ſolemn hours advance,
Mingled ſend into the dance
Many fraught with all the treaſures,
Which thy eaſtern travel views;
Many wing'd with all the pleaſures,
Man can aſk, or Heaven diffuſe:

That

That great Maria all thoſe joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her ſubjects flow.

VIII.

For thy own glory ſing our ſovereign's praiſe,
God of verſes and of days:
Let all thy tuneful ſons adorn
Their laſting work with William's name;
Let choſen Muſes yet unborn
Take great Maria for their future theme:
Eternal ſtructures let them raiſe,
On William's and Maria's praiſe:
Nor want new ſubject for the ſong,
Nor fear they can exhauſt the ſtore,
Till nature's muſick lies unſtrung;
Till thou, great god, ſhalt loſe thy double power,
And touch thy lyre, and ſhoot thy beams no more.

The LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

In Imitation of a Greek Idyllium.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the ſand-hills to the ſea:
The ſetting ſun adorn'd the coaſt,
His beams intire, his fierceneſs loſt:
And, on the ſurface of the deep,
The winds lay only not aſleep:
The nymph did like the ſcene appear,
Serenely pleaſant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.

With

With ſecret joy I heard her ſay,
That ſhe would never miſs one day
A walk ſo fine, a ſight ſo gay.

But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempeſts charge the ſky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars;
And big waves laſh the frighten'd ſhores.
Struck with the horror of the ſight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And trembling vows, ſhe'll ne'er again
Approach the ſhore, or view the main.

Once more at leaſt look back, ſaid I,
Thyſelf in that large glaſs deſcry:
When thou art in good-humour dreſt;
When gentle reaſon rules thy breaſt;
The ſun upon the calmeſt ſea
Appears not half ſo bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundleſs depth of love:
I bleſs my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on ſhore.

But when vain doubt and groundleſs fear
Do that dear fooliſh boſom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me, the riſing ſtorm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and daſh'd by rain;
And the poor ſailor, that muſt try
Its fury, labours leſs than I.

Ship-

Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate ſtill drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee firſt, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A PASTORAL.

By Mrs. ELIZABETH SINGER, afterwards ROWE.

AMARYLLIS.

WHILE from the ſkies the ruddy ſun deſcends,
And riſing night the evening ſhade extends;
While pearly dews o'erſpread the fruitful field,
And cloſing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath theſe ſpreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our Muſes may indite.
Nor need we, in this cloſe retirement, fear,
Leſt any ſwain our amorous ſecrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To every ſhepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair Aminta is my ſofteſt theme:
A ſtranger to the looſe delights of love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of friendſhip prove:
And, while its pure and ſacred fire I ſing,
Chaſte goddeſs of the groves, thy ſuccour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breaſt inſpire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleaſing fire;
Propitious god of love, thy ſuccour bring,
Whilſt I thy darling, thy Alexis ſing;
Alexis, as the opening bloſſoms fair,
Lovely as light, and ſoft as yielding air.
For him each virgin ſighs; and on the plains
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whiſpering ſpring,
In ſweeter ſtrains does artful Conon ſing;
When loud applauſes fill the crouded groves,
And Phœbus the ſuperior ſong approves.

SYLVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy ſhades of night.
When ſhe is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confeſs her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay deſires,
In every breaſt the beauteous nymph inſpires;
And on the plain when ſhe no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy proſpect wears.
In vain the ſtreams roll on: the eaſtern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees:
In vain the birds begin their evening ſong,
And to the ſilent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor cryſtal ſtreams, nor verdant field,
Does wonted pleaſure in her abſence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And, in his abſence, all the penſive day
In ſome obſcure retreat I lonely ſtray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents, and a dying ſtrain;
Dear lovely youth, I cry to all around;
Dear lovely youth, the flattering vales reſound.

SYLVIA.

On flowery banks, by every murmuring ſtream,
Aminta is my Muſe's ſofteſt theme:
'Tis ſhe that does my artful notes refine:
With fair Aminta's name my nobleſt verſe ſhall ſhine.

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine freſh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And conſecrate to him eternal vows:
The charming youth ſhall my Apollo prove;
He ſhall adorn my ſongs, and tune my voice to love.

To the AUTHOR of the foregoing PASTORAL.

BY Sylvia if thy charming ſelf be meant;
If Friendſhip be thy virgin vows extent;
Oh! let me in Aminta's praiſes join:
Her's my eſteem ſhall be, my paſſion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A ſecond wreath ſhall bind Aminta's hair;
And, when my choiceſt ſongs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verſe ſhall bleſs Aminta's name;
My heart ſhall own the juſtice of her cauſe,
And Love himſelf ſubmit to Friendſhip's laws.

But, if, beneath thy numbers' ſoft diſguiſe,
Some favour'd ſwain, ſome true Alexis lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy ſecret pains,
And thy fond heart beats meaſure to thy ſtrains;
May'ſt thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind!
May Venus long exert her happy power,
And make thy beauty, like thy verſe, endure!
May every god his friendly aid afford,
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bleſs thy board!
But, if by chance the ſeries of thy joys
Permit one thought leſs chearful to ariſe,
Piteous transfer it to the mournful ſwain,
Who, loving much, who, not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated paſſion's laſt exceſs,
And dies in woe, that thou may'ſt live in peace.

TO A LADY:

She refuſing to continue a DISPUTE with me, and leaving me in the ARGUMENT.

AN ODE.

I.

SPARE, generous victor, ſpare the ſlave,
Who did unequal war purſue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

II.

In the diſpute whate'er I ſaid,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your ſide.

III.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have ſuſtain'd an open fight;
For ſeldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

IV.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reaſon's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I muſt at once be deaf and blind.

V.

Alas! not hoping to ſubdue,
I only to the fight aſpir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I deſir'd.

VI.

But ſhe, howe'er of victory ſure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd:
And, arm'd with more immediate power,
Calls cruel ſilence to her aid.

VII.

Deeper to wound, ſhe ſhuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conqueſt by her flight;
And triumphs, when ſhe ſeems to yield.

VIII.

So, when the Parthian turn'd his ſteed,
And from the hoſtile camp withdrew,
With cruel ſkill the backward reed
He ſent; and, as he fled, he ſlew.

Seeing the Duke of ORMOND's Picture at Sir GODFREY KNELLER's.

OUT from the injur'd canvas, Kneller, ſtrike
Theſe lines too faint: the picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's duke: impendent in the air
Let his keen ſabre, comet-like, appear,
Where'er it points, denouncing death: below
Draw routed ſquadrons, and the numerous foe,
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow:
Till, weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood
Which from the Patriot's breaſt in torrents flow'd,
He faints; his ſteed no longer feels the rein;
But ſtumbles o'er the heap, his hand had ſlain.
And now exhauſted, bleeding, pale he lies;
Lovely, ſad object! in his half-cloſ'd eyes
Stern vengeance yet, and hoſtile terror ſtand:
His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.
The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;
Fear to approach him, though they ſee him fall.—

O Kneller, could thy ſhades and lights expreſs
The perfect hero in that glorious dreſs;
Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,
And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow:
In ſpite of time, thy work might ever ſhine;
Nor Homer's colours laſt ſo long as thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

" Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, ſumméque ſecundo
" Inveniuntur.—" Lucret. lib. iv.

WHAT can I ſay, what arguments can prove
My truth, what colours can deſcribe my love,
If its exceſs and fury be not known,
In what thy Celia has already done?
Thy infant flames, whilſt yet they were conceal'd
In timorous doubts, with pity I beheld;
With eaſy ſmiles diſpell'd the ſilent fear,
That durſt not tell me what I dy'd to hear.
In vain I ſtrove to check my growing flame,
Or ſhelter paſſion under friendſhip's name:
You ſaw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd;
And when you preſs'd, how faintly I deny'd.—
Ere guardian thought could bring its ſcatter'd aid,
Ere reaſon could ſupport the doubting maid,
My ſoul ſurpriz'd, and from herſelf diſjoin'd,
Left all reſerve, and all the ſex, behind:

From

From your command her motions ſhe receiv'd;
And not for me, but you, ſhe breath'd and liv'd.
But ever bleſt be Cytherea's ſhrine,
And fires eternal on her altars ſhine!
Since thy dear breaſt has felt an equal wound;
Since in thy kindneſs my deſires are crown'd.
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis ſhown,
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;
And ſure I am, thou wouldſt not change this hour
For all the white ones Fate has in its power.—
Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to exceſs,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliſs,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When every trace of what, or when, or how,
Should from my ſoul by raging love be torn,
And far on ſwelling ſeas of rapture borne;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,
And my heart labours with a ſudden ſigh;
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills foreſeen the preſent bliſs deſtroy.
Poor as it is, this beauty was the cauſe,
That with firſt ſighs your panting boſom roſe:
But with no owner Beauty long will ſtay,
Upon the wings of Time borne ſwift away;
Paſs but ſome fleeting years, and theſe poor eyes
(Where now without a boaſt ſome luſtre lies)
No longer ſhall their little honours keep;
Shall only be of uſe to read or weep:
And on this forehead, where your verſe has ſaid,
The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd,

Inſulting age will trace his cruel way,
And leave ſad marks of his deſtructive ſway.
Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may ceaſe,
And as the fuel ſinks, the flame decreaſe:
Or angry heaven may quicker darts prepare,
And ſickneſs ſtrike what time a while would ſpare.
Then will my ſwain his glowing vows renew;
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;
When my own face deters me from my glaſs,
And Kneller only ſhews what Celia was?
Fantaſtic Fame may ſound her wild alarms;
Your country, as you think, may want your arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whoſe ſmoke too long obſcur'd your riſing name;
And quickly cold indifference will enſue,
When you Love's joys through Honour's optic view.
Then Celia's loudeſt prayer will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breaſt to bring you back;
When my loſt lover the tall ſhip aſcends,
With muſic gay, and wet with jovial friends,
The tender accent of a woman's cry
Will paſs unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough ſeaman's louder ſhouts prevail,
When fair Occaſion ſhews the ſpringing gale,
And Intereſt guides the helm, and Honour ſwells the ſail.
Some wretched lines, from this neglected hand,
May find my hero on the foreign ſtrand,
Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new command:

While

While ſhe who wrote them, of all joy bereft,
To the rude cenſure of the world is left;
Her mangled fame in barbarous paſtime loſt,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toaſt.
But nearer care (O pardon it!) ſupplies
Sighs to my breaſt, and ſorrow to my eyes.
Love, Love himſelf (the only friend I have)
May ſcorn his triumph, having bound his ſlave.
That tyrant-god, that reſtleſs conqueror,
May quit his pleaſure, to aſſert his power;
Forſake the provinces that bleſs his ſway,
To vanquiſh thoſe which will not yet obey.
Another Nymph with fatal power may riſe,
To damp the ſinking beams of Celia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms confeſt,
And ſcorn the ardent vows that I have bleſt.
You every night may ſigh for her in vain,
And riſe each morning to ſome freſh diſdain:
While Celia's ſofteſt look may ceaſe to charm,
And her embraces want the power to warm:
While theſe fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
More heavy chains than thoſe of hopeleſs love.
Juſt Gods! all other things their like produce;
The vine ariſes from her mother's juice:
When feeble plants or tender flowers decay,
They to their ſeed their images convey:
Where the old myrtle her good influence ſheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
And when the parent roſe decays and dies,
With a reſembling face the daughter-buds ariſe.

That product only which our paſſions bear
Eludes the planter's miſerable care.
While blooming Love aſſures us golden fruit,
Some inborn poiſon taints the ſecret root;
Soon fall the flowers of Joy, ſoon ſeeds of Hatred ſhoot.
Say, ſhepherd, ſay, are theſe reflections true?
Or was it but the woman's fear that drew
This cruel ſcene, unjuſt to love and you?
Will you be only and for ever mine?
Shall neither time nor age our ſouls disjoin?
From this dear boſom ſhall I ne'er be torn?
Or you grow cold, reſpectful, and forſworn?
And can you not for her you love do more
Than any youth for any nymph before?

PROLOGUE ſpoken by LORD BUCKHURST, in WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL, at a repreſentation of Mr. DRYDEN'S CLEOMENES, at Chriſtmas, 1695.

PISH, lord, I wiſh this prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly ſpeak:
But can lord Buckhurſt in poor Engliſh ſay,
Gentle ſpectators, pray excuſe the play?
No, witneſs all ye Gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condeſcend to terms like theſe,

I'd

I'd go to ſchool ſix hours on Chriſtmas-day,
Or conſtrue Perſius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors ſhould be done,
Who tremble when they ſee a critic frown.
Poor rogues, that ſmart like fencers for their bread,
And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, Sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to ſee our friends:
Our generous ſcenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at leaſt you're treated.
The candles and the cloaths ourſelves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts, we left our midnight bed,
Moſt of you ſnor'd whilſt Cleomenes read;
Not that from this confeſſion we would ſue
Praiſe undeſerv'd; we know ourſelves and you:
Reſolv'd to ſtand or periſh by our cauſe,
We neither cenſure fear, nor beg applauſe,
For theſe are Weſtminſter and Sparta's laws.
Yet, if we ſee ſome judgement well inclin'd,
To young deſert, and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thouſand marks ſhould know,
That greateſt ſouls to goodneſs only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorſet's ſpirit.

An Ode, preſented to the King,

On his Majesty's Arrival in Holland, after the Queen's Death, 1695.

" Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
" Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
" Cantus, Melpomene."

I.

AT Mary's tomb (ſad ſacred place!)
The Virtues ſhall their vigils keep:
And every Muſe, and every Grace,
In ſolemn ſtate ſhall ever weep.

II.

The future pious, mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,
Shall viſit her diſtinguiſh'd urn.

III.

For her the wiſe and great ſhall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and men unborn,
Shall bleſs her name, and ſigh her fate.

IV.

Fair Albion ſhall, with faithful truſt,
Her holy queen's ſad reliques guard,
Till Heaven awakes the precious duſt,
And gives the Saint her full reward.

V. But

V.

But let the king diſmiſs his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown;
And take the cypreſs from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

VI.

If preſt by grief our monarch ſtoops,
In vain the Britiſh lions roar:
If he, whoſe hand ſuſtain'd them, droops,
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

VII.

Embattled princes wait the chief,
Whoſe voice ſhould rule, whoſe arm ſhould lead;
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

VIII.

The great example they demand
Who ſtill to conqueſt led the way;
Wiſhing him preſent to command,
As they ſtand ready to obey.

IX.

They ſeek that joy, which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the Hero's face;
When the thick ſquadrons preſt the foe,
And William led the glorious chace.

X.

To give the mourning nations joy,
Reſtore them thy auſpicious light,
Great ſun: with radiant beams deſtroy
Thoſe clouds, which keep thee from our ſight.

XI.

Let thy ſublime meridian courſe
For Mary's ſetting rays atone:
Our luſtre, with redoubled force,
Muſt now proceed from thee alone.

XII.

See, pious king, with different ſtrife
Thy ſtruggling Albion's boſom torn:
So much ſhe fears for William's life,
That Mary's fate ſhe dares not mourn.

XIII.

Her beauty, in thy ſofter half
Bury'd and loſt, ſhe ought to grieve;
But let her ſtrength in thee be ſafe;
And let her weep; but let her live.

XIV.

Thou, guardian angel, ſave the land
From thy own grief, her fierceſt foe;
Leſt Britain, reſcued by thy hand,
Should bend and ſink beneath thy woe.

XV.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unleſs new trophies ſtill be fought,
And hoary majeſty ſuſtain
The battles which thy youth has fought.

XVI.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That ſoft exceſs, with which ſhe ſtrove
To keep her hero in her arms?

XVII. While

XVII.

While ſtill ſhe chid the coming ſpring,
Which call'd him o'er his ſubject ſeas:
While, for the ſafety of the king,
She wiſh'd the victor's glory leſs.

XVIII.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: ſad Britain now
Haſtens her lord to foreign wars:
Happy, if toils may break his woe,
Or danger may divert his cares.

XIX.

In martial din ſhe drowns her ſighs,
Leſt he the riſing grief ſhould hear:
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Leſt he ſhould ſee the falling tear.

XX.

Go, mighty prince; let France be taught,
How conſtant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

XXI.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where death with all his darts is ſeen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that which ſtruck the beauteous queen.

XXII.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her maſter was not near;
With ſullen pride refus'd relief,
And ſat obdurate in deſpair.

XXIII. As

XXIII.

As waters from her ſluices, flow'd
Unbounded ſorrow from her eyes:
To earth her bended front ſhe bow'd,
And ſent her wailings to the ſkies.

XXIV.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She ſmiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd,
She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

XXV.

That freedom which all ſorrows claim,
She does for thy content reſign:
Her piety itſelf would blame,
If her regrets ſhould weaken thine.

XXVI.

To cure thy woe, ſhe ſhews thy fame:
Leſt the great mourner ſhould forget,
That all the race, whence Orange came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

XXVII.

William his country's cauſe could fight,
And with his blood her freedom ſeal:
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

XXVIII.

How heroes riſe, how patriots ſet,
Thy father's bloom and death may tell:
Excelling others, theſe were great:
Thou, greater ſtill, muſt theſe excell.

XXIX.

XXIX.

The laſt fair inſtance thou muſt give,
Whence Naſſau's virtue can be try'd;
And ſhew the world, that thou canſt live
Intrepid, as thy conſort dy'd;

XXX.

Thy virtue, whoſe reſiſtleſs force
No dire event could ever ſtay,
Muſt carry on its deſtin'd courſe;
Though death and envy ſtop the way.

XXXI.

For Britain's ſake, for Belgia's, live:
Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own;
New toils endure, new conqueſt give,
And bring them eaſe, though thou haſt none.

XXXII.

Vanquiſh again; though ſhe be gone,
Whoſe garland crown'd the victor's hair:
And reign, though ſhe has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

XXXIII.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her king an uſeleſs prayer:
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd averſe his ear.

XXXIV.

But, ſhould the weeping hero now
Relentleſs to their wiſhes prove;
Should he recall, with pleaſing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

XXXV.

Her face with thouſand beauties bleſt,
Her mind with thouſand virtues ſtor'd,
Her power with boundleſs joy confeſt,
Her perſon only not ador'd:

XXXVI.

Yet ought his ſorrow to be check't;
Yet ought his paſſions to abate;
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death compleat.

XXXVII.

She was inſtructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee;
Her ſceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preſerv'd the iſles, and rul'd the ſea.

XXXVIII.

But oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame;
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidſt the ſtars to fix his name.

XXXIX.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
From Mary's glory, angels trace
The beauty of her partner's ſoul.

XL.

Wiſe Fate, which does its heaven decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Haſtens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

XLI. Alone

XLI.

Alone to thy renown 'tis given,
Unbounded through all worlds to go:
While ſhe, great Saint, rejoices Heaven;
And thou ſuſtain'ſt the orb below.

In IMITATION of ANACREON.

LET them cenſure: what care I?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write,
Regardleſs of their grace or ſpite.
No, no: the fair, the gay, the young,
Govern the numbers of my ſong;
All that they approve is ſweet;
And all is ſenſe that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire;
Venus, ſtring thy ſervant's lyre:
Love ſhall be my endleſs theme;
Pleaſure ſhall triumph over Fame:
And, when theſe maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine!
May I graſp at empty praiſe;
And loſe the nymph, to gain the bays!

ODE

Sur la Priſe de NAMUR, par les Armes du ROI, l'Année 1692.

Par Monſieur BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

I.

QUELLE docte & ſainte yvreſſe
Aujourd'hui me fait la loi ?
Chaſtes Nymphes du Permeſſe,
N'eſt-ce pas vous que je voi ?
Accourez, troupe ſçavante :
Des ſons que ma lyre enfante,
Ces arbres ſont rejoüis :
Marquez en bien la cadence :
Et vous, vents, faites ſilence :
Je vais parler de Louis.

II.

Dans ſes chanſons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ſes aiſles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.
Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inſpire,
Tu peus ſuivre mes tranſports ;
Les chênes des monts de Thrace
N'ont rien oüi, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

AN ENGLISH BALLAD,

On the Taking of NAMUR by the KING of GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

"Dulce eſt deſipere in loco."

I. and II.

SOME folks are drunk, yet do not know it:
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a Muſe, O lofty Poet,
Or Virgin of St. Cyr, you ſaw?
Why all this fury? what 's the matter,
That oaks muſt come from Thrace to dance?
Muſt ſtupid ſtocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no ſuch wood in France?
Why muſt the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath ſhould raiſe,
Would that have ſpoil'd the Poet's ſong,
Or puff'd away the Monarch's praiſe?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the ſkies,
While Virtue leads the noble way:
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where ſordid Intereſt ſhews the prey.
When once the Poet's honour ceaſes,
From reaſon far his tranſports rove:
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

III.

Eſt-ce Apollon et Neptune,
Qui ſur ces rocs ſourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Baſti ces murs orgueilleux?
De leur enceinte fameuſe
La Sambre unie à la Meuſe,
Defend le fatal abord;
Et par cens bouches horribles
L'airain ſur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, & la mort.

IV.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D' éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs remparts:
Et dans ſon ſein infidele
Par toute la terre y recele
Un feu prêt à s'élancer,
Qui ſoudain perçant ſon goufre,
Ouvre un ſepulchre de ſoufre,
A quiconque oſe avancer.

V.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece eût vingt ans
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ſes plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable puiſſance
Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance,

III.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban:
They arm'd theſe rocks; then ſhew'd old Jove
Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
Such walls, theſe three wiſe Gods agreed,
By human force could ne'er be ſhaken:
But you and I in Homer read
Of gods, as well as men, miſtaken.
Sambre and Maeſe their waves may join;
But ne'er can William's force reſtrain:
He'll paſs them both, who paſs'd the Boyne:
Remember this, and arm the Seine.

IV.

Full fifteen thouſand luſty fellows
With fire and ſword the fort maintain:
Each was a Hercules, you tell us;
Yet out they march'd, like common men.
Cannons above, and mines below,
Did death and tombs for foes contrive:
Yet matters have been order'd ſo,
That moſt of us are ſtill alive.

V.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy;
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks:
Their ſiege did ten long years employ;
We 've done our buſineſs in ten weeks.
What godhead does ſo faſt advance,
With dreadful power, thoſe hills to gain?
'Tis little Will, the ſcourge of France;
No godhead, but the firſt of men.

Prête à foudroyer tes monts?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne?
C'eſt Jupiter en perſonne;
Ou c'eſt le vainqueur de Mons.

VI.

N'en doute point: c'eſt lui-même.
Tout brille en lui; tout eſt roi.
Dans Bruxelles Naſſau blême
Commence à trembler pour toi.
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Deſormais docile eſclâve,
Rangé ſous ſes étendarts:
En vain au lion Belgique
Il voit l'aigle Germanique
Uni ſous les leopards.

VII.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ſes ſens ſont agités,
A ſon ſecours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantés.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Où s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ſes eaux;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la Norvége
Neuf mois couvre les roſeaux.

VIII.

His mortal arm exerts the power
To keep e'en Mons's victor under:
And that fame Jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

VI.

Our King thus trembles at Namur;
Whilſt Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on ſecure,
To bomb the monks, and ſcare the ladies.
After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the Marſhal great:
He muſt perform the King's commiſſion:
Who knows but Orange may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight:
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William would preſerve that right.

VII.

From Seine and Loyre, to Rhone and Po,
See every mother's ſon appear:
In ſuch a caſe ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays ſome little fear.
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes;
Finds a ſmall river in his way:
So waves his colours, beats his drums;
And thinks it prudent there to ſtay.
The Gallic troops breathe blood and war;
The Marſhal cares not to march faſter:
Poor Villeroy moves ſo ſlowly here,
We fancied all, it was his Maſter.

VIII. Will

VIII.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,
Des froids torrens de Decembre
Les champs par tout ſont noyés.
Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proye à Borée
Ses guerets d'epics chargés,
Et ſous les urns fangeuſes
Des Hyades orageuſes
Tous ſes tréſors ſubmergés.

IX.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats;
Ramaſſez tous vos nuages;
Raſſemblez tous vos ſoldats.
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber ſous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la ſuperbe Eſpagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Maſtricht, & Cambray.

X.

Mes préſages s'accompliſſent:
Il commence à chanceler:
Sous les coups qui retentiſſent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.

Mar

VIII.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
Diſguiſe the Marſhal's plain diſgrace?
No torrents ſwell the low Mehayne?
The world will ſay, he durſt not paſs.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear Poet, on the banks of Sambre;
Juſt as they did that mighty year,
When you turn'd June into December?
The water-nymphs are too unkind
To Villeroy; are the land-nymphs ſo?
And fly they all, at once combin'd
To ſhame a General, and a Beau?

IX.

Truth, juſtice, ſenſe, religion, fame,
May join to finiſh William's ſtory:
Nations ſet free may bleſs his name:
And France in ſecret own his glory.
But Ypres, Maſtricht, and Cambray,
Beſançon, Ghent, St. Omers, Liſle,
Courtray, and Dole —— Ye critics, ſay,
How poor to this was Pindar's ſtyle?
With eke's and alſo's tack thy ſtrain,
Great bard! and ſing the deathleſs Prince,
Who loſt Namur the ſame campaign.
He bought Dixmuyd, and plunder'd Deynſe.

X.

I 'll hold ten pound my dream is out:
I 'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of thoſe confounded drums; no doubt
Yon' bloody rogues intend a battle.

Dear

Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnere,
Semblent tombant ſur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

XI.

Accourez, Naſſau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique eſpoir :
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez : vous pouvez tout voir.
Conſiderez ces approches :
Voyez grimper ſur ces roches
Ces athletes belliqueux ;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flâme,
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

XII.

Contemplez dans la tempête,
Qui ſort de ces boulevars,
La plume qui ſur ſa tête
Attire tous les regards.
A cet aſtre redoubtable
Toûjours un ſort favorable
S'attache dans les combats :
Et toûjours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, & le ſuit à grands pas.

XIII. Grand

Dear me! a hundred thouſand French
With terror fill the neighbouring field:
While William carries on the trench,
Till both the town and caſtle yield.
Villeroy to Boufflers ſhould advance,
Says Mars, through cannons' mouths in fire;
Id eſt, one Mareſchal of France
Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

XI.

Regain the lines the ſhorteſt way,
Villeroy; or to Verſailles take poſt;
For, having ſeen it, thou canſt ſay
The ſteps, by which Namur was loſt.
The ſmoke and flame may vex thy ſight:
Look not once back: but, as thou goeſt,
Quicken the ſquadrons in their flight,
And bid the devil take the floweſt.
Think not what reaſon to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear:
He 'll own the ſtrength of thy excuſe;
Tell him that William was but there.

XII.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to ſhine ſo like a ſtar:
The Generals could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war.
O Poet! thou hadſt been diſcreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat ſo high;
If thou hadſt dubb'd thy ſtar, a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

XIII. To

XIII.

Grands deffenſeurs de l'Eſpagne,
Montrez-vous : il en eſt tems :
Courage ; vers la Mahagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ſes ondes craintives
N'ont veû ſur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amaſſer.
Courez donc : Qui vous retarde ?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'oſez vous la traverſer ?

XIV.

Loin de fermer le paſſage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ſes pavillons.
Quoi ? leur ſeul aſpect vous glace ?
Où ſont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis ſi prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamiſe,
Et de la Drâve ſoûmiſe,
Juſqu' à Paris nous chercher ?

XV.

Cependant l'effroi redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui ſe trouble
S'enfuit ſous ſon dernier mur.

XIII.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray:
In vain France hopes, the fickly light
Should ſhine near William's fuller day:
It knows Verſailles, its proper ſtation,
Nor cares for any foreign ſphere:
Where you ſee Boileau's conſtellation,
Be ſure no danger can be near.

XIV.

The French had gather'd all their force;
And William met them in their way:
Yet off they bruſh'd, both foot and horſe.
What has friend Boileau left to ſay?
When his high Muſe is bent upon't,
To ſing her king—that great commander,
Or on the ſhores of Helleſpont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander;
Would it not ſpoil his noble taſk,
If any fooliſh Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to aſk,
How far Namur may be from Paris?

XV.

Two ſtanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire:
Leave them behind you, honeſt friend;
And with your countrymen retire.

Your

Déja juſques à ſes portes.
Je voi monter nos cohortes,
La flame & le fer en main :
Et ſur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

XVI.

C'en eſt fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers éperdus
Battre un ſignal pour ſe rendre ;
Le feu ceſſe. Ils ſont rendus.
Dépoüillez vôtre arrogance,
Fiers enemis de la France,
Et deſormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles novelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

Your ode is ſpoilt; Namur is freed;
For Dixmuyd ſomething yet is due:
So good count Guiſcard may proceed;
But Boufflers, Sir, one word with you.—

XVI.

'Tis done. In ſight of theſe commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raiſe the ſiege,
The foes of France march ſafe through Flanders;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain:
He the ſame play by land has ſhewn,
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the Marſhal made a peer:
O William, may thy arms advance!
That he may loſe Dinant next year,
And ſo be conſtable of France.

AN ODE.

I.

THE merchant, to ſecure his treaſure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia ſerves to grace my meaſure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

II.

My ſofteſt verſe, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her deſire,
That I ſhould ſing, that I ſhould play.

III.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raiſe,
But with my numbers mix my ſighs;
And, whilſt I ſing Euphelia's praiſe,
I fix my ſoul on Cloe's eyes.

IV.

Fair Cloe bluſh'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I ſung, and gaz'd: I play'd, and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all diſſembled.

Preſented

Preſented to the KING, at his Arrival in HOLLAND, after the Diſcovery of the CONSPIRACY, 1696.

" Serus in cœlum redeas, diúque
" Lætus interſis populo Quirini:
" Néve te noſtris vitiis iniquum
" Ocyor aura
" Tollat —" Hor. ad Auguſtum.

YE careful angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on earth and human acts to wait;
Who turn with ſecret power this reſtleſs ball,
And bid predeſtin'd empires riſe and fall:
Your ſacred aid religious monarchs own;
When firſt they merit, then aſcend the throne:
But tyrants dread you, leſt your juſt decree
Transfer the power, and ſet the people free.
See reſcued Britain at your altars bow;
And hear her hymns your happy care avow:
That ſtill her axes and her rods ſupport
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court;
That Law with all her pompous terror ſtands,
To wreſt the dagger from the traitor's hands;
And rigid Juſtice reads the fatal word,
Poiſes the balance firſt, then draws the ſword.
Britain her ſafety to your guidance owns,
That ſhe can ſeparate parricides from ſons;
That, impious rage diſarm'd, ſhe lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.

And thou, great miniſter, above the reſt
Of guardian ſpirits, be thou for ever bleſt;
Thou who of old waſt ſent to Iſrael's court,
With ſecret aid great David's ſtrong ſupport,
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And ſtrike the uſeleſs javelin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heavenly ſhield;
When power divine did ſovereign right declare;
And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to ſpare.

Still, bleſſed angel, be thy care the ſame!
Be William's life untouch'd, as is his fame!
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand:
Save thou the King, as he has ſav'd the land!

We angels' forms in pious monarchs view;
We reverence William; for he acts like you;
Like you, commiſſion'd to chaſtiſe and bleſs,
He muſt avenge the world, and give it peace.

Indulgent Fate our potent prayer receives;
And ſtill Britannia ſmiles, and William lives.
The hero dear to earth, by heaven belov'd,
By troubles muſt be vex'd, by dangers prov'd:
His foes muſt aid, to make his fame compleat,
And fix his throne ſecure on their defeat.

So, though with ſudden rage the tempeſt comes;
Though the winds roar; and though the water foams;
Imperial Britain on the ſea looks down,
And ſmiling ſees her rebel-ſubjects frown.
Striking her cliff, the ſtorm confirms her power;
The waves but whiten her triumphant ſhore;

In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;
Broken they daſh, and periſh at her feet.
For William ſtill new wonders ſhall be ſhown:
The powers, that reſcued, ſhall preſerve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful ſea,
Behold, the monarch plows his liquid way:
His fleets in thunder through the world declare,
Whoſe empire they obey, whoſe arms they bear.
Bleſs'd by aſpiring winds, he finds the ſtrand
Blacken'd with crouds; he ſees the nation ſtand,
Bleſſing his ſafety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praiſe; by turns they tell,
And liſten, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;
How Belgia, freed, the hero's arm confeſs'd,
But trembled for the courage which ſhe bleſt.
O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero and a foe:
By ſounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes:
And ſee the ſoldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremoſt in the fight.
Hence then, cloſe ambuſh and perfidious war,
Down to your native ſeats of night repair.
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Reſtrain'd, behind the victor's chariot tied
In brazen knots and everlaſting chains
(So Europe's peace, ſo William's fate ordains):

While on the ivory chair, in happy ſtate,
He ſits, ſecure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency; and views beneath
Averted darts of rage, and pointleſs arms of death.

THE SECRETARY.

Written at The HAGUE, 1696.

WHILE with labour aſſiduous due pleaſure I mix,
And in one day atone for the buſineſs of ſix,
In a little Dutch chaiſe on a Saturday night,
On my left-hand my Horace, a Nymph on my right:
No memoirs to compoſe, and no poſt-boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the ſoftneſs of love;
For her, neither viſits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next ſhall be her's, ſhall be mine,
To good or ill-fortune the third we reſign:
Thus ſcorning the world, and ſuperior to fate,
I drive on my car in proceſſional ſtate.
So with Thia through Athens Piſiſtratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why ſhould I ſtories of Athens rehearſe,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verſe;
Since none can with juſtice my pleaſures oppoſe,
In Holland half drowned in intereſt and proſe?
By Greece and paſt ages what need I be tried,
When The Hague and the preſent are both on my ſide?

And

And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would ſay?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident Vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, ſearch all the province, you'll find no man dar is,
So bleſt as the Engliſhen Heer Secretar' is.

TO CLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilſt thou weep'ſt, fair Cloe, ſee
The world in ſympathy with thee.
The chearful birds no longer ſing;
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their boſom lower,
And ſhed their ſorrows in a ſhower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs ſpeak their woe.
The nymphs and ſwains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy ſighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantaſtic nymph! that grief ſhould move
Thy heart obdurate againſt love.
Strange tears! whoſe power can ſoften all,
But that dear breaſt on which they fall.

To Mr. HOWARD.

AN ODE.

I.

DEAR Howard, from the ſoft aſſaults of love,
Poets and Painters never are ſecure;
Can I untouch'd the fair-one's paſſions move;
Or thou draw beauty, and not feel its power?

II.

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention ſat,
To have her charms recorded by his art:

III.

The amorous maſter own'd her potent eyes;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;
Each flowing line confirm'd his firſt ſurprize,
And, as the piece advanc'd, the paſſion grew.

IV.

While Philip's ſon, while Venus' ſon, was near,
What different tortures does his boſom feel!
Great was the Rival, and the God ſevere:
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durſt reveal.

V.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity ſaw the ill-conceal'd diſtreſs;
Quitted his title to Campaſpe's charms,
And gave the fair-one to the friend's embrace.

VI. Thus

VI.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe ſat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art:
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predeceſſor's heart!

VII.

Had thy poor breaſt receiv'd an equal pain;
Had I been veſted with the monarch's power;
Thou muſt have ſigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain;
Nor from my bounty hadſt thou found a cure.

VIII.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have ſooth'd the flame I could not heal;
Given thee the world; though I with-held the fair.

LOVE DISARMED.

BENEATH a myrtle's verdant ſhade
As Cloe half aſleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breaſt,
And in that heaven deſir'd to reſt:
Over her paps his wings he ſpread;
Between he found a downy bed,
And neſtled-in his little head.
Still lay the God: the nymph, ſurpriz'd,
Yet miſtreſs of herſelf, deviſ'd,
How ſhe the vagrant might inthrall,
And captive him, who captives all.

Her

Her bodice half-way ſhe unlac'd;
About his arms ſhe ſlily caſt
The ſilken bond, and held him faſt.
The god awak'd; and thrice in vain
He ſtrove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he ſhook his wing,
Incumber'd in the ſilken ſtring.
Fluttering the God, and weeping, ſaid,
Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to ſtray,
And on thy boſom loſt his way;
Who ſtray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there muſt hope to dwell:
Set an unhappy priſoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee.
To me pertains not, ſhe replies,
To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither ſtray;
Yet will I never ſet thee free;
For harm was meant, and harm to me.
Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart;
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again.
Agreed: ſecure my virgin heart:
Inſtant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return untie;
And freely thou again ſhalt fly.

Thus

Thus ſhe the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The God diſarm'd, e'er ſince that day,
Paſſes his life in harmleſs play;
Flies round, or ſits upon her breaſt,
A little, fluttering, idle gueſt.
E'er ſince that day, the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's ſtead;
Directs his arrow as ſhe wills;
Gives grief, or pleaſure; ſpares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

BEHIND her neck her comely treſſes tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her ſide,
A-hunting Cloe went: ſhe loſt her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to ſtray.
Apollo, paſſing by, beheld the maid;
And, ſiſter dear, bright Cynthia, turn, he ſaid:
The hunted hind lies cloſe in yonder brake.
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to ſee the God's miſtake;
And, laughing, cried, Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly adviſ'd, far hence thy ſiſter ſeek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my ſiſter know:
She draws my arrows, and ſhe bends my bow:
Fair Thames ſhe haunts, and every neighbouring grove,
Sacred to ſoft receſs, and gentle love.

Go,

Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed ſpear
At the rough boar, or chaſe the flying deer:
I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miſs the game.

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

IN Heaven, one holy-day, you read
In wiſe Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedleſs Cupid in, to throw
A main, to paſs an hour, or ſo.
The little Trojan, by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
The god unhappily engag'd,
By nature raſh, by play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and ſigh'd, and cried, and fretted;
Loſt every earthly thing he betted:
In ready money, all the ſtore
Pick'd-up long ſince from Danaë's ſhower;
A ſnuff-box, ſet with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;
His nine-pins made of myrtle wood
(The tree in Ida's foreſt ſtood);
His bowl pure gold, the very ſame
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table-books in ſhagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verſe from real lovers;
Merchandiſe rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter paſſionate, yet true;

Heaps

Heaps of hair-rings, and cypher'd ſeals;
Rich trifles; ſerious bagatelles.
What ſad diſorders play begets!
Deſperate and mad, at length he ſets
Thoſe darts, whoſe points makes gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power:
Thoſe darts, whence all our joy and pain
Ariſe: thoſe darts — Come, ſeven's the main,
Cries Ganymede: the uſual trick:
Seven, ſlur a ſix; eleven: a nick.
Ill news goes faſt: 'twas quickly known,
That ſimple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
Too late ſhe found the thing too true.
Gueſs how the goddeſs greets her ſon:
Come hither, ſirrah; no, begone;
And, hark ye, is it ſo indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A ſcandal and a ſcourge to Troy;
A prince's ſon; a black-guard boy;
A ſharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since firſt that little rogue came hither:
Juno herſelf has had no peace:
And truly I 've been favour'd leſs:
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name),

Has acted ill for ſuch a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
And thou, unhappy child, ſhe ſaid,
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)
Unhappy child, who thus haſt loſt
All the eſtate we e'er could boaſt;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name deſpis'd, thy weakneſs known?
Nor ſhall thy ſhrine on earth be crown'd;
Nor ſhall thy power in Heaven be own'd;
When thou nor man nor god canſt wound.
Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
Ceaſe, deareſt mother, ceaſe to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I 'm a bubble:
Yet why this great exceſs of trouble?
The dice were falſe: the darts are gone:
Yet how are you, or I, undone?
The loſs of theſe I can ſupply
With keener ſhafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not we e'er can be diſgrac'd,
While that bright magazine ſhall laſt:
Your crouded altars ſtill ſhall ſmoke;
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove ſhall again revere your power,
And riſe a ſwan, or fall a ſhower.

CUPID

CUPID MISTAKEN.

I.

AS after noon, one ſummer's day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

II.

With ſkill he choſe his ſharpeſt dart,
With all his might his bow he drew,
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too-well-guided arrow flew.

III.

I faint! I die! the goddeſs cried:
O cruel, could'ſt thou find none other,
To wreck thy ſpleen on? parricide!
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy mother.

IV.

Poor Cupid ſobbing ſcarce could ſpeak;
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſy my miſtake?
I took you for your likeneſs Cloe.

VENUS MISTAKEN.

I.

WHEN Cloe's picture was to Venus ſhown;
Surpriz'd, the goddeſs took it for her own.
And what, ſaid ſhe, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked ſeen?

II.

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride:
And who's blind now, Mamma? the urchin cried.
'Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breaſt:
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the reſt.

A SONG.

IF wine and muſick have the power
To eaſe the ſickneſs of the ſoul;
Let Phœbus every ſtring explore;
And Bacchus fill the ſprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's abſence light;
And ſeek for pleaſure, to deſtroy
The ſorrows of this live-long night.

But ſhe to-morrow will return:
Venus, be thou to-morrow great;
Thy myrtles ſtrow, thy odours burn;
And meet thy favourite nymph in ſtate.
Kind goddeſs, to no other powers
Let us to-morrow's bleſſings own:
Thy darling loves ſhall guide the hours;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE

THE DOVE.

"— Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?" VIRG.

I.

IN Virgil's ſacred verſe we find,
That paſſion can depreſs or raiſe
The heavenly, as the human mind:
Who dare deny what Virgil ſays?

II.

But, if they ſhould, what our great maſter
Has thus laid down, my tale ſhall prove:
Fair Venus wept the ſad diſaſter
Of having loſt her favourite Dove.

III.

In complaiſance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he 'd leave no ſtone unturn'd,
But ſhe ſhould have her Dove again.

IV.

Though none, ſaid he, ſhall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough:
But be ſhe not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof.

V.

With that, his longeſt dart he took,
As conſtable would take his ſtaff:
That gods deſire like men to look,
Would make ev'n Heraclitus laugh.

VI.

Love's ſubalterns, a duteous band,
Like watchmen, round their chief appear:
Each had his lantern in his hand;
And Venus maſk'd brought up the rear.

VII.

Accouter'd thus, their eager ſtep
To Cloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft ſuſpected).

VIII.

Late they ſet out, had far to go:
St. Dunſtan's as they paſs'd ſtruck one.
Cloe, for reaſons good, you know,
Lives at the ſober end o' th' town.

IX.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a viſiting-day.
Folks at her houſe at ſuch an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours ſay?

X.

The door is open: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats, divert their ſpeed:
Thieves! thieves! cries Suſan; we 're undone;
They 'll kill my miſtreſs in her bed.

XI.

In bed indeed the nymph had been
Three hours: for, all hiſtorians ſay,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unleſs piquet was in the way.

XII. She

XII.

She wak'd, be ſure, with ſtrange ſurprize:
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thus to diſturb the brighteſt eyes,
That ever ſlept, or ever ſaw?

XIII.

Have you obſerv'd a ſitting hare,
Liſtening, and fearful of the ſtorm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

XIV.

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor would ſhe ſtay: nor dares ſhe fly.

XV.

Then have you ſeen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then ſunk it deep beneath the cloaths.

XVI.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito: for Suſan ſaid,
It ſmelt ſo ſtrong of myrrh and amber—
And Suſan is no lying maid.

XVII.

But, ſince we have no preſent need
Of Venus for an epiſode:
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe ſpoke the god:

XVIII.

Hold up your head: hold up your hand:
Would it were not my lot to ſhew ye
This cruel writ, wherein you ſtand
Indicted by the name of Cloe!

XIX.

For that, by ſecret malice ſtirr'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the favourite bird,
In which my mother moſt delighted.

XX.

Her bluſhing face the lovely maid
Rais'd juſt above the milk-white ſheet;
A roſe-tree in a lily bed
Nor glows ſo red, nor breathes ſo ſweet.

XXI.

Are you not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If ſo, pray come not near —
Fair maiden, I 'm the very ſame.

XXII.

Then what have I, good ſir, to ſay,
Or do with her you call your mother?
If I ſhould meet her in my way,
We hardly court'ſy to each other.

XXIII.

Diana chaſte, and Hebe ſweet,
Witneſs that what I ſpeak is true:
I would not give my Paroquet
For all the Doves that ever flew.

XXIV. Yet,

XXIV.

Yet, to compoſe this midnight noiſe,
Go freely ſearch where-e'er you pleaſe
(The rage, that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)—
Upon yon' toilet lie my keys.

XXV.

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks;
Through wardrobe and through cloſet bounces;
Peeps into every cheſt and box;
Turns all her furbeloes and flounces.

XXVI.

But Dove, depend on't, finds he none;
So to the bed returns again:
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with diſdain.

XXVII.

I marvel much, ſhe ſmiling ſaid,
Your poultry cannot yet be found:
Lies he in yonder ſlipper dead?
Or, may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?

XXVIII.

No, traitor, angry Love replies,
He 's hid ſomewhere about your breaſt;
A place nor god nor man denies,
For Venus' Dove the proper neſt.

XXIX.

Search then, ſhe ſaid, put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectreſs, guard me:
As guilty I, or free, may ſtand,
Do thou or puniſh or reward me.

XXX.

But ah! what maid to Love can truſt?
He ſcorns, and breaks, all legal power:
Into her breaſt his hand he thruſt;
And in a moment forc'd it lower.

XXXI.

O, whither do thoſe fingers rove,
Cries Cloe, treacherous urchin, whither?
O Venus! I ſhall find thy Dove,
Says he; for ſure I touch his feather.

A LOVER'S ANGER.

AS Cloe came into the room t' other day,
I peeviſh began; where ſo long could you ſtay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour:
You promis'd at two; and (pray look, child) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels;
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and ſeals.
A temper ſo heedleſs no mortal can bear —
Thus far I went on with a reſolute air.
Lord bleſs me! ſaid ſhe; let a body but ſpeak!
Here 's an ugly hard roſe-bud fallen into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vext me to ſuch a degree —
See here! for you never believe me; pray ſee,
On the left ſide my breaſt, what a mark it has made!
So ſaying, her boſom ſhe careleſs diſplay'd.
That ſeat of delight I with wonder ſurvey'd;
And forgot every word I deſign'd to have ſaid.

MERCURY

MERCURY and CUPID.

IN ſullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His ſtore of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes ſhould the weapons break,
Or throw them into Lethe's lake.
Hermes, you know, muſt do his errand:
He found his man, produc'd his warrant:
Cupid! your darts — this very hour —
There 's no contending againſt power!
How ſullen Jupiter, juſt now,
I think I ſaid: and you 'll allow,
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngſter's repartee.
Come, kinſman (ſaid the little god),
Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower;
And reſt yourſelf for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heaven;
But you fly faſt: and 'tis but ſeven.
We 'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celeſtial Hector.
He break my darts! or hurt my power!
He, Leda's ſwan, and Danaë's ſhower!
Go, bid him his wife tongue reſtrain;
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—

My darts! O certainly I 'll give 'em:
From Cloe's eyes he ſhall receive 'em.
There's one, the beſt in all my quiver,
Twang! through his very heart and liver;
He then ſhall pine, and ſigh, and rave:
Good Lord! what buſtle ſhall we have!
Neptune muſt ſtrait be ſent to ſea;
And Flora ſummon'd twice a day:
One muſt find ſhells, and t' other flowers,
For cooling grots, and fragrant bowers,
That Cloe may be ſerv'd in ſtate:
The Hours muſt at her toilet wait:
Whilſt all the reaſoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too ſlow.
Lybs muſt fly ſouth, and Eurus eaſt,
For jewels for her hair and breaſt.
No matter, though their cruel haſte
Sink cities, and lay foreſts waſte.
No matter, though this fleet be loſt;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coaſt.
What whiſpering in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno ſhould not hear!
What work among you ſcholar gods!
Phœbus muſt write him amorous odes.
And thou, poor couſin, muſt compoſe
His letters in ſubmiſſive proſe:
Whilſt haughty Cloe, to ſuſtain
The honour of my myſtic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows diſdain;
And laugh at your old bully's pain.

Dear

Dear couz, ſaid Hermes in a fright,
For Heaven's ſake! keep your darts: good night.

On BEAUTY, a RIDDLE.

RESOLVE me, Cloe, what is this:
Or forfeit me one precious kiſs.
'Tis the firſt offspring of the Graces;
Bears different forms in different places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where'er beheld;
Yet fancied finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
Pandora's box of good and harm:
'Twas Mars's wiſh, Endymion's dream;
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
This guided Theſeus through the maze;
And ſent him home with life and praiſe:
But this undid the Phrygian boy;
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This ſhew'd great kindneſs to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jaſon to the fleece.
This through the Eaſt juſt vengeance hurl'd,
And loſt poor Anthony the world.
Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom,
This baniſh'd tyranny from Rome.
Appeas'd, though Lais gain'd her hire;
This ſet Perſepolis on fire.
For this Alcides learn'd to ſpin:
His club laid down, and lion's ſkin.

For

For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With ſervile care, a mortal's ſheep.
For this the father of the Gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures looſely ran,
Europa's bull, and Leda's ſwan,
For this he reaſſumes the nod
(While Semele commands the God);
Launces the bolt, and ſhakes the poles;
Though Momus laughs, and Juno ſcolds.
Here liſtening Cloe ſmil'd, and ſaid;
Your riddle is not hard to read:
I gueſs it—Fair-one, if you do;
Need I, alas! the theme purſue?
For this, thou ſee'ſt, for this I leave,
Whate'er the world thinks wiſe or grave,
Ambition, buſineſs, friendſhip, news,
My uſeful books, and ſerious Muſe.
For this, I willingly decline
The mirth of feaſts, and joys of wine;
And chuſe to ſit and talk with thee
(As thy great orders may decree)
Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales, and fooliſh riddles.

THE

THE QUESTION,

To Lisetta.

WHAT Nymph ſhould I admire, or truſt,
But Cloe beauteous, Cloe juſt?
What Nymph ſhould I deſire to ſee,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom ſhould I compoſe the lay,
But her who liſtens when I play?
To whom in ſong repeat my cares,
But her who in my ſorrow ſhares?
For whom ſhould I the garland make,
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boaſts ſhe wears it for my ſake?
In love am I not fully bleſt?
Liſetta, pr'ythee tell the reſt.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

SURE Cloe juſt, and Cloe fair,
Deſerves to be your only care:
But, when you and ſhe to-day
Far into the wood did ſtray,
And I happen'd to paſs by;
Which way did you caſt your eye?
But, when your cares to her you ſing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they ſpring;

Does

Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in thoſe cares ſhe bears a part?
When you the flowers for Cloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meaneſt bud that falls from mine?
Simpleſt of ſwains! the world may ſee,
Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I choſe,
The violet ſweet, and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and bluſhing roſe,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchſaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers leſs blooming than her face,
The ſcent leſs fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flowers ſhe wore along the day:
And every nymph and ſhepherd ſaid,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undreſt at evening, when ſhe found
Their odours loſt, their colours paſt;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye ſhe caſt.

V.

That eye dropt ſenſe diſtinct and clear,
As any Muſe's tongue could ſpeak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Diſſembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, ſaid I, explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?

VII.

She ſigh'd; ſhe ſmil'd: and to the flowers
Pointing, the lonely Moraliſt ſaid;
See, friend, in ſome few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

VIII.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one:
At morn both flouriſh bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and ſung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I ſaw, and kiſs'd her in her ſhrowd.

X.

Such as ſhe is, who dy'd to-day:
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muſe diſplay
The juſtice of thy Cloe's ſorrow.

The

The LADY who offers her LOOKING-GLASS to VENUS.

Taken from an Epigram of PLATO.

VENUS, take my votive glaſs;
Since I am not what I was;
What from this day I ſhall be,
Venus, let me never ſee.

CLOE JEALOUS.

I.

FORBEAR to aſk me, why I weep;
Vext Cloe to her ſhepherd ſaid;
'Tis for my two poor ſtraggling ſheep,
Perhaps, or for my ſquirrel dead.

II.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your ſubtle queſtions and replies?
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies?

III.

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearſe
The general power that beauty has:
But why did no peculiar verſe
Deſcribe one charm of Cloe's face?

IV.

The glaſs, which was at Venus' ſhrine,
With ſuch myſterious ſorrow laid:
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which ſhew'd how youth and beauty fade.

V.

Ten thouſand trifles light as theſe
Nor can my rage, nor anger, move:
She ſhould be humble, who would pleaſe;
And ſhe muſt ſuffer, who can love.

VI.

When in my glaſs I chanc'd to look;
Of Venus what did I implore?
That every grace, which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.

VII.

Reading thy verſe; who heeds, ſaid I,
If here or there his glances flew?
O, free for ever be his eye,
Whoſe heart to me is always true!

VIII.

My bloom indeed, my little flower,
Of Beauty quickly loſt its pride:
For, ſever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing boſom dy'd.

IX.

Yet car'd I not what might preſage
Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth;
Love I eſteem'd more ſtrong than Age,
And Time leſs permanent than Truth.

X. Who

X.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Fall uncontroul'd, my tears, and free;
O Damon! 'tis the only woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

XI.

The ſecret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearſe;
But on my tomb-ſtone thou ſhalt read
My anſwer to thy dubious verſe.

Anſwer to CLOE JEALOUS, in the ſame Stile; the AUTHOR ſick.

I.

YES, faireſt proof of Beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have liv'd; and we muſt part.

II.

While now I take my laſt adieu,
Heave thou no ſigh, nor ſhed a tear;
Leſt yet my half-clos'd eye may view,
On earth an object worth its care.

III.

From Jealouſy's tormenting ſtrife
For ever be thy boſom freed:
That nothing may diſturb thy life,
Content I haſten to the dead.

IV. Yet

IV.

Yet when ſome better-fated youth
Shall with his amorous parly move thee;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who dying thus, perſiſts to love thee.

A BETTER ANSWER.

DEAR Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falſtaff ſays)
Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.

II.

How canſt thou preſume, thou haſt leave to deſtroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Thoſe looks were deſign'd to inſpire love and joy:
More ordinary eyes may ſerve people for weeping.

III.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my paſſion, you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will ſcarce be found wit:
Od's-life! muſt one ſwear to the truth of a ſong?

IV.

What I ſpeak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, ſhews
The difference there is betwixt nature and art:
I court others in verſe; but I love thee in proſe:
And they have my whimſies, but thou haſt my heart.

V.

The God of us verſe-men (you know, child) the Sun,
How after his journeys he ſets up his reſt:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he declines on his Thetis's breaſt.

VI.

So when I am weary'd with wandering all day;
To thee my delight in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way;
They were but my viſits, but thou art my home.

VII.

Then finiſh, dear Cloe, this paſtoral war;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet ſublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE Trojan Swain had judg'd the great diſpute,
And Beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit;
When Venus, looſe in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in ſhining arms.
The wanton goddeſs view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly ſhe ſaid:
Yield, ſiſter; rival, yield: naked, you ſee,
I vanquiſh: gueſs how potent I ſhould be,
If to the field I came in armour dreſt;
Dreadful, like thine, my ſhield, and terrible my creſt!

The

The warrior goddeſs with diſdain reply'd:
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride:
Let a brave enemy for once adviſe,
And Venus (if 'tis poſſible) be wiſe.
Thou, to be ſtrong, muſt put off every dreſs:
Thy only armour is thy nakedneſs;
And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himſelf that armour has been try'd.

To a young GENTLEMAN in Love.

A TALE.

FROM public noiſe and factious ſtrife,
From all the buſy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breaſt;
And lull my wearied ſoul to reſt.
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter elſe, but Love—and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
To painted roofs and ſhining ſpires
(Uneaſy ſeats of high deſires)
Let the unthinking many croud,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happineſs for ſtate.
But oh! my Celia, when thy ſwain
Deſires to ſee a court again.

May Heaven around this deſtin'd head
The choiceſt of its curſes ſhed!
To ſum up all the rage of fate
In the two things I dread and hate,
May'ſt thou be falſe, and I be great!
Thus, on his Celia's panting breaſt,
Fond Coladon his ſoul expreſt;
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows ſhe thus repaid:
Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Bleſt miracle of love and truth;
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long ſince are thine;
A real joy I never knew,
Till I believ'd thy paſſion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find,
Till thou prov'ſt perjur'd, or unkind,
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Bleſt with thy preſence, I can bear,
Through waters and through flames I 'll go,
Sufferer and ſolace of thy woe:
Trace me ſome yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay;
And make my conſtant paſſion known
By more than woman yet has done.
Had I a wiſh that did not bear
The ſtamp and image of my dear;
I 'd pierce my heart through every vein,
And die, to let it out again.

No: Venus ſhall my witneſs be
(If Venus ever lov'd like me),
That for one hour I would not quit
My ſhepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Perſian Monarch's bride,
Partner of all his power and pride;
Or rule in regal ſtate above,
Mother of Gods, and wife of Jove.
"O happy theſe of human race!"
But ſoon, alas! our pleaſures paſs.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
And, leaving her ador'd embrace,
Haſten'd to court, to beg a place.
While ſhe, his abſence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrſis from beneath the bed!
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

WHILE men have theſe ambitious fancies;
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our ſex will—What? Out with it. Lye;
And theirs in equal ſtrains reply.
The moral of the tale I ſing
(A poſy for a wedding ring)
In this ſhort verſe will be confin'd:
Love is a jeſt, and vows are wind.

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely ſung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of ſteel, and walls of braſs.
The reaſon of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver.
Cupid was with him of the party;
And ſhew'd himſelf ſincere and hearty;
For, give that whipſter but his errand,
He takes my lord chief juſtice' warrant;
Dauntleſs as death away he walks;
Breaks the doors open, ſnaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, ſtudy;
Nor ſtops till he has culprit's body.
Since this has been authentic truth,
By age deliver'd down to youth;
Tell us, miſtaken huſband, tell us,
Why ſo myſterious, why ſo jealous?
Does the reſtraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us leſs curious, her leſs fair?
The ſpy, which does this treaſure keep,
Does ſhe ne'er ſay her prayers, nor ſleep?
Does ſhe to no exceſs incline?
Does ſhe fly muſic, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchaſe one unguarded hour?

Your

Your care does further yet extend:
That ſpy is guarded by your friend.—
But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, ſoon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair priſoner cauſe to ſee,
How much he wiſhes ſhe were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendſhip too ſevere,
Which chain him to a hated truſt;
Which make him wretched, to be juſt?
And may not ſhe, this darling ſhe,
Youthful and healthy, fleſh and blood,
Eaſy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?
Sir, will your queſtions never end?
I truſt to neither ſpy nor friend.
In ſhort, I keep her from the ſight
Of every human face.—She 'll write.
From pen and paper ſhe 's debarr'd.—
Has ſhe a bodkin and a card?
She 'll prick her mind.—She will, you ſay:
But how ſhall ſhe that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket.
The key-hole, is that left? Moſt certain,
She 'll thruſt her letter through—Sir Martin.
Dear angry friend, what muſt be done?
Is there no way?—There is but one.

Send her abroad: and let her ſee,
That all this mingled maſs, which ſhe,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty ſhow,
Powder, and pocket-glaſs, and beau;
A ſtaple of romance and lies,
Falſe tears and real perjuries:
Where ſighs and looks are bought and ſold;
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd and laviſh heir
The ſpoils of ruin'd beauty ſhare;
And youth, ſeduc'd from friends and fame,
Muſt give up age to want and ſhame.
Let her behold the frantic ſcene,
The women wretched, falſe the men:
And when, theſe certain ills to ſhun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms,
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the park and play,
Put on good-humour; make her gay;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock—on her mind.

HANS

HANS CARVEL.

HANS CARVEL, impotent and old,
Married a laſs of London mould:
Handſome? enough; extremely gay:
Lov'd muſic, company, and play:
High flights ſhe had, and wit at will;
And ſo her tongue lay ſeldom ſtill:
For in all viſits who but ſhe,
To argue, or to repartée?
She made it plain, that human paſſion
Was order'd by predeſtination;
That, if weak women went aſtray,
Their ſtars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies ſhe had by heart;
Enter'd into Roxana's part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
Oh that dear conqueror of the world!
She pitied Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.
She, firſt of all the town, was told,
Where neweſt India things were ſold:
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt ſometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a ſcreen:
What elſe could ſo much virtue mean?

For,

All well; but pr'ythee, honeſt Hans,
(Says Satan) leave your complaiſance a.
The truth is this: I cannot ſtay
Flaring in ſun-ſhine all the day:
For, *entre nous*, we helliſh ſprites
Love more the frefco of the nights;
And oftener our receipts convey
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you therefore as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears ſhall end:
Go then this evening, maſter Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and breach your barrel;
Let friends and wine diſſolve your care;
Whilſt I the great receipt prepare:
To-night I 'll bring it, by my faith!
Believe for once what Satan ſaith.
Away went Hans: glad? not a little;
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle;
Invited friends ſome half a dozen,
The Colonel and my Lady's couſin.
The meat was ſerv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were ſung; and healths went round;
Barbadoes waters for the cloſe;
Till Hans had fairly got his doſe:
The Colonel toaſted "to the beſt:"
The Dame mov'd off, to be undreſt:
The chimes went twelve: the gueſts withdrew:
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow-chair;

From

From thence was carried off to bed:
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My Lady was disturb'd: new sorrow!
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.
In bed then view this happy pair;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
Hans fast asleep as soon as laid;
The duty of the night unpaid:
The waking Dame, with thoughts oppress,
That made her hate both him and rest:
By such a husband, such a wife!
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life:
The Lady sigh'd: the Lover snor'd:
The punctual Devil kept his word:
Appear'd to honest Hans again;
But not at all by Madam seen:
And giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king;
Dear Hans, said he, this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's sake:
'Twill do your business to a hair:
For, long as you this ring shall wear,
As sure as I look over Lincoln,
That ne'er shall happen which you think on.
Hans took the ring with joy extreme
(All this was only in a dream);
And, thrusting it beyond his joint,
'Tis done, he cry'd: I've gain'd my point.
What point, said she, you ugly beast?
You neither give me joy nor rest.

'Tis

'Tis done. — What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thruſt your finger God knows where.

A DUTCH PROVERB.

FIRE, water, woman, are man's ruin;
Says wiſe Profeſſor Vander Brüin.
By flames a houſe I hir'd was loſt
Laſt year: and I muſt pay the coſt.
This ſpring the rains o'erflow'd my ground:
And my beſt Flanders mare was drown'd.
A ſlave I am to Clara's eyes:
The gipſy knows her power, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin:
And great thy wiſdom, Vander Brüin.

PAULO PURGANTI and his WIFE;

an HONEST, but a SIMPLE PAIR.

"Eſt enim quiddam, idque intelligitur in omni virtute,
"quod deceat: quod cogitatione magis à virtute po-
"teſt quàm re ſeparari." Cic. de Off. l. i.

BEYOND the fix'd and ſettled rules
Of vice and virtue in the ſchools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,

The

The better ſort ſhould ſet before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes them not only juſt, but bright;
And ſets them in that open fame,
Which witty malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;
May juſtly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
Yet, if the colouring be not there,
The Titian ſtroke, the Guido air;
To niceſt judgement ſhow the piece,
At beſt 'twill only not diſpleaſe:
It would not gain on Jerſey's eye;
Bradford would frown, and ſet it by.
Thus in the picture of our mind
The action may be well deſign'd;
Guided by law, and bound by duty;
Yet want this *je ne ſcai quoi* of beauty:
And though its error may be ſuch,
As Knags and Burgeſs cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.
What is this talk? replies a friend,
And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down
By ſome example ſhould be ſhown.—
With all my heart — for once; read on.

An honeſt but a ſimple pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May ſerve to make this theſis clear.
A doctor of great ſkill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
No woman led a better life:
She to intrigues was ev'n hard-hearted:
She chuckled when a bawd was carted;
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
Till all the whores were burnt alive.
On married men, that dar'd be bad,
She thought no mercy ſhould be had;
They ſhould be hang'd, or ſtarv'd, or fleaſt,
Or ſerv'd like Romiſh prieſts in Swede. —
In ſhort, all lewdneſs ſhe defied:
And ſtiff was her parochial pride.
Yet, in an honeſt way, the dame
Was a great lover of that dame;
And could from Scripture take her cue,
That huſbands ſhould give wives their due.
Her prudence did ſo juſtly ſteer
Between the gay and the ſevere,
That if in ſome regards ſhe cloſe
To curb poor Paulo in too cloſe;
In others ſhe relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looſer rein.
Thus though ſhe ſtrictly did confine
The Doctor from exceſs of wine:
With oyſters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almoſt burſt his belly:

Thus

Thus drying coffee was denied;
But chocolate that loſs ſupplied:
And for tobacco (who could bear it?),
Filthy concomitant of claret:
(Bleſt revolution!) one might ſee
Eringo roots, and Bohea tea.
She often ſet the Doctor's band,
And ſtroak'd his beard, and ſqueez'd his hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too ſoon:
She held it wholeſomer by much,
To reſt a little on the couch: —
About his waiſt in bed a-nights
She clung ſo cloſe — for fear of ſprites.
The Doctor underſtood the call;
But had not always wherewithal.
The lion's ſkin too ſhort, you know,
(As Plutarch's Morals finely ſhow)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail:
And art ſupplies, where ſtrength may fail.
Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy he could not beat;
He ſtrove to lengthen the campaign,
And ſave his forces by chicane.
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shews us, that all that warrior can do,
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.
One day then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;

Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, ſure as trumpet, call to battle,
Thought it extremely *à propos*,
To ward againſt the coming blow:
To ward: but how? Ay, there's the queſtion;
Fierce the aſſault, unarm'd the baſtion.
The Doctor feign'd a ſtrange ſurprize:
He felt her pulſe; he view'd her eyes:
That beat too faſt, theſe roll'd too quick;
She was, he ſaid, or would be ſick:
He judg'd it abſolutely good,
That ſhe ſhould purge, and cleanſe her blood.
Spa waters for that end were got:
If they paſt eaſily or not,
What matters it? the lady's fever
Continued violent as ever.
For a diſtemper of this kind
(Blackmore and Hans are of my mind),
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female ſex,
Is ſcarce remov'd by pill or potion;
Whate'er might be our Doctor's notion.
One luckleſs night then, as in bed
The Doctor and the Dame were laid;
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulſe, ſhort breath, and blood in flame.
What meaſures ſhall poor Paulo keep
With Madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd ſleep,
And won't allow him reſt, though waking.

Sa

Sad ſtate of matters! when we dare
Nor aſk for peace, nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Comines have ſhown
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that Paulo's caſe is
Harder, than any which he places
Amongſt his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.

He ſtrove, alas! but ſtrove in vain,
By dint of logick to maintain,
That all the ſex was born to grieve,
Down to her Ladyſhip from Eve.
He rang'd his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and Moraliſts; and run ye on
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to cloſe her eye;
Telling her, reſt would do her good,
If any thing in nature could:
So held the Greeks quite down from Galen,
Maſters and princes of the calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Though no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.

Reduce, my Muſe, the wandering ſong:
A tale ſhould never be too long.

The more he talk'd, the more ſhe burn'd,
And ſigh'd, and toſt, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At laſt, I wiſh, ſaid ſhe, my dear —
(And whiſper'd ſomething in his ear).

You wiſh! wiſh on, the Doctor cries:
Lord! when will womankind be wiſe?
What, in your waters? are you mad?
Why poiſon is not half ſo bad.
I 'll do it — but I give you warning:
You 'll die before to-morrow morning. —
'Tis kind, my dear, what you adviſe;
The lady with a ſigh replies!
But life, you know, at beſt is pain;
And death is what we ſhould diſdain.
So do it therefore, and adieu:
For I will die for love of you. —
Let wanton wives by death be ſcar'd:
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd.

THE LADLE.

THE ſceptics think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down incognito,
To ſee who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or roſe:
That, ſince they gave things their beginning;
And ſet this whirligig a-ſpinning;
Supine they in their Heaven remain,
Exempt from paſſion and from pain:
And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and ſhuffle for ourſelves:
To ſtand or walk, to riſe or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.

The Poets now and Painters hold
This theſis both abſurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd gods, they ſay,
Deſcend ſome twice or thrice a-day:
Elſe all theſe things we toil ſo hard in
Would not avail one ſingle farthing:
For, when the hero we rehearſe,
To grace his actions and our verſe;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris deſcends by Fate's commands,
To guide his ſteps through foreign lands:
And Amphitrite clears the way
From rocks and quick-ſands in the ſea.
And if you ſee him in a ſketch
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache),
He ſhews not half his force and ſtrength,
Strutting in armour, and at length:
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece muſt yet be four yards bigger:
The nymphs conduct him to the field;
One holds his ſword, and one his ſhield:
Mars, ſtanding by, aſſerts his quarrel;
And Fame flies after with a laurel.
Theſe points, I ſay, of ſpeculation,
(As 'twere to ſave or ſink the nation)
Men idly-learned will diſpute,
Aſſert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms ſuſtains the fight;

Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and ſing Te Deum.
Is it in equilibrio,
If deities deſcend or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requiſite to form my tale:
For by all parties 'tis confeſt,
That thoſe opinions are the beſt,
Which in their nature moſt conduce
To preſent ends, and private uſe.
Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove:
The humour was (it ſeems) to know,
If all the favours they beſtow,
Could from our own perverſeneſs eaſe us;
And if our wiſh enjoy'd would pleaſe us.
Diſcourſing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godſhips came;
Till, well nigh tir'd at almoſt night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in diſguiſe a god or goddeſs
Exerts no ſupernatural powers;
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They ſpied at laſt a country farm,
Where all was ſnug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before, and hills behind,
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the field were lowing:
Good grain was ſow'd: good fruit was growing:

Of laſt-year's corn in barns great ſtore:
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door:
And wealth (in ſhort) with peace conſented,
That people here ſhould live contented:
But did they in effect do ſo?
Have patience, friend, and thou ſhalt know.
The honeſt farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had ſtruggled with the marriage nooſe;
As almoſt every couple does:
Sometimes, my plague! ſometimes, my darling!
Kiſſing to-day, to-morrow ſnarling;
Jointly ſubmitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure,
Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
Our farmer met them in the yard;
Thought they were folks that loſt their way;
And aſk'd them civily to ſtay:
Told them, for ſupper, or for bed,
They might go on, and be worſe ſped. —
So ſaid, ſo done; the gods conſent:
All three into the parlour went:
They compliment; they ſit; they chat;
Fight o'er the wars; reform the ſtate:
A thouſand knotty points they clear,
Till ſupper and my wife appear.
Jove made his leg, and kiſs'd the dame:
Obſequious Hermes did the ſame.
Jove kiſs'd the farmer's wife, you ſay!
He did — but in an honeſt way:

Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiſs'd Amphitryon's wife. —
Well then, things handſomely were ſerv'd:
My miſtreſs for the ſtrangers carv'd.
How ſtrong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic ſumptuous would appear;
Yet ſhall be paſs'd in ſilence here:
For I ſhould grieve to have it ſaid,
That, by a fine deſcription led,
I made my epiſode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my ſong.
The grace-cup ſerv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to ſhew his play:
Landlord and landlady, he cried,
Folly and jeſting laid aſide,
That ye thus hoſpitably live,
And ſtrangers with good chear receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themſelves your debtors.
To give this theſis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of gods (nay never wonder):
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My page, my ſon indeed, but ſpurious.
Form then three wiſhes, you and Madam;
And ſure as you already had 'em,
The things deſir'd, in half an hour,
Shall all be here, and in your power.

Thank

Thank you, great gods, the woman ſays:
Oh! may your altars ever blaze!
A Ladle for our ſilver-diſh
Is what I want, is what I wiſh. —
A Ladle! cries the man, a Ladle!
Odzooks, Coriſca, you have pray'd ill;
What ſhould be great, you turn to farce;
I wiſh the Ladle in your a—.
With equal grief and ſhame, my Muſe
The ſequel of the Tale purſues;
The Ladle fell into the room,
And ſtuck in old Coriſca's bum.
Our couple weep two wiſhes paſt,
And kindly join to form the laſt;
To eaſe the woman's aukward pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

THIS commoner has worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts:
His head aches for a coronet:
And who is bleſs'd that is not great?
Some ſenſe, and more eſtate, kind Heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given:
What then? He muſt have rule and ſway:
And all is wrong, till he 's in play.
The miſer muſt make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded ſum;
The ſickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his laſt dregs of life.

Againſt our peace we arm our will:
Amidſt our plenty, ſomething ſtill
For horſes, houſes, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel ſomething unpoſſeſs'd
Corrodes, and leavens all the reſt.
That ſomething, if we could obtain,
Would ſoon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a Wiſh, and all a Ladle.

Written at PARIS, 1700.

In the Beginning of ROBE's GEOGRAPHY.

OF all that William rules, or Robe
Deſcribes, great Rhéa, of thy globe;
When or on poſt-horſe, or in chaiſe,
With much expence, and little eaſe,
My deſtin'd miles I ſhall have gone,
By Thames or Maeſe, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own;
Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, houſe, and ſtable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to deſire or want;
And as health fails, and years increaſe,
Sit down, and think, and die, in peace.
Oblige thy favourite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres:

This

This number ſure they may allow;
For paſture ten, and ten for plow:
'Tis all that I could wiſh or hope,
For me and John, and Nell and Crop.
Then, as thou wilt, diſpoſe the reſt
(And let not Fortune ſpoil the jeſt)
To thoſe who, at the market-rate,
Can barter honour for eſtate.
Now, if thou grant'ſt me my requeſt,
To make thy votary truly bleſt,
Let curſt revenge and ſaucy pride
To ſome bleak rock far off be tied;
Nor e'er approach my rural ſeat,
To tempt me to be baſe and great.
And, Goddeſs, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her ſon
(Where-ever elſe ſhe lets him rove)
To ſhun my houſe, and field, and grove:
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.
Hear, gracious Rhéa, what I ſay:
And thy petitioner ſhall pray.

Written in the Beginning of MEZERAY'S Hiſtory of FRANCE.

I.

WHATE'ER thy countrymen have done,
By law and wit, by ſword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living world, that view
Thy work, give thee the praiſes due,
At once inſtructed and delighted.

II. Yet

II.

Yet for the fame of all theſe deeds
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameneſs broke, with blindneſs ſmitten,
Wiſh'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

III.

It 's ſtrange, dear author, yet it true is,
That, down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, yet ſhun the cure:
Can ſenſe this paradox endure?
Reſolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

IV.

The man, in graver tragick known
(Though his beſt part long ſince was done),
Still on the ſtage deſires to tarry:
And he, who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jeſt ſtill loads the ſcene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

Written in the Nouveaux Interêts des Princes de l'Europe.

BLEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their error we are taught,
That happineſs is but opinion!

ADRIANI MORIENTIS ad Animam Suam.

ANIMULA vagula, blandula,
Hoſpes, comeſque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut ſoles, dabis joca.

By Monſieur FONTENELLE.

MA petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, & Dieu ſache ou tù vas!
Tu pars ſeulette, nuë, & tremblotante, helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

IMITATED.

POOR, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Muſt we no longer live together?
And doſt thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'ſt not whither?
Thy humourous vein, thy pleaſing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And, penſive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'ſt and hop'ſt thou know'ſt not what.

A Paſſage

A Paſſage in the MORIÆ ENCOMIUM, of ERASMUS, imitated.

IN awful pomp, and melancholy ſtate,
See ſettled Reaſon on the judgement-ſeat:
Around her croud Diſtruſt, and Doubt, and Fear,
And thoughtful Foreſight, and tormenting Care:
Far from the throne, the trembling Pleaſures ſtand,
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her ſtern command.
Wretched her ſubjects, gloomy ſits the queen;
Till happy Chance reverts the cruel ſcene;
And apiſh Folly, with her wild reſort
Of wit and jeſt, diſturbs the ſolemn court.
See the fantaſtic minſtrelſy advance,
To breathe the ſong, and animate the dance.
Bleſt the uſurper! happy the ſurprize!
Her mimic poſtures catch our eager eyes;
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear;
And in the ſights we ſee, and ſounds we hear,
Againſt our judgement, ſhe our ſenſe employs;
The laws of troubled Reaſon ſhe deſtroys,
And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild ſchemes of mirth, and plans of looſe delight.

To

To Dr. SHERLOCK,

ON HIS

PRACTICAL DISCOURSE concerning DEATH.

FORGIVE the Muſe, who, in unhallow'd ſtrains,
The Saint one moment from his God detains:
For ſure, whate'er you do, where-e'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one conſtant prayer:
Forgive her; and intreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raiſe her notes to that ſublime degree,
Which ſuits a ſong of piety and thee.

Wondrous good man! whoſe labours may repel
The force of ſin, may ſtop the rage of hell;
Thou, like the Baptiſt, from thy God waſt ſent,
The crying voice, to bid the world repent.

The Youth ſhall ſtudy, and no more engage
Their flattering wiſhes for uncertain age;
No more, with fruitleſs care and cheated ſtrife,
Chaſe fleeting pleaſure through this maze of life;
Finding the wretched all they here can have,
But preſent food, and but a future grave:
Each, great as Philip's victor ſon, ſhall view
This abject world, and, weeping, aſk a new.
Decrepit Age ſhall read thee, and confeſs
Thy labours can aſſuage, where medicines ceaſe;
Shall bleſs thy words, their wounded ſoul's relief,
The drops that ſweeten their laſt dregs of life;

Shall

Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath;
Own riches gather'd, trouble; fame, a breath;
And Life an ill, whoſe only cure is Death.

Thy even thoughts with ſo much plainneſs flow,
Their ſenſe untutor'd Infancy may know:
Yet to ſuch height is all that plainneſs wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd pride be taught.
Eaſy in words thy ſtyle, in ſenſe ſublime,
On its bleſt ſteps each age and ſex may riſe;
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
Its foot on earth, its height above the ſkies:
Diffus'd its virtue, boundleſs is its power;
'Tis public health, and univerſal cure:
Of heavenly manna 'tis a ſecond feaſt;
A nation's food, and all to every taſte.
To its laſt height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd;
And various death for various crimes ſhe fear'd.
With your kind work her drooping hopes revive;
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live:
You wreſt the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand;
Stop ready death, and ſave a ſinking land.
O! ſave us ſtill: ſtill bleſs us with thy ſtay:
O! want thy Heaven, till we have learnt the way:
Refuſe to leave thy deſtin'd charge too ſoon;
And, for the church's good, defer thy own.
O! live; and let thy works urge our belief;
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;
Till future Infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
Till Chriſtians, yet unborn, be taught to die.

Then,

Then, in full age and hoary holineſs,
Retire, great teacher! to thy promis'd bliſs:
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy duſt,
As thy own fame among the future juſt;
Till in laſt ſounds the dreadful trumpet ſpeaks;
Till Judgement calls, and quicken'd Nature wakes;
Till, through the utmoſt earth, and deepeſt ſea,
Our ſcatter'd atoms find their deſtin'd way,
In haſte to cloath their kindred ſouls again,
Perfect our ſtate, and build immortal man:
Then fearleſs thou, who well ſuſtain'dſt the fight,
To paths of joy, or tracts of endleſs light,
Lead up all thoſe who heard thee, and believ'd;
'Midſt thy own flock, great ſhepherd! be receiv'd;
And glad all Heaven with millions thou haſt ſav'd.

CARMEN SECULARE, for the Year 1700.

To the KING.

" Aſpice, venturo lætentur ut omnia ſæc'lo:
" O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ
" Spiritus, & quantum ſat erit tua dicere facta!"
Virg. Eclog. iv.

I.

THY elder look, great Janus, caſt
Into the long records of ages paſt:
Review the years in faireſt action dreſt
With noted white, ſuperior to the reſt;

Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,
From empires founded, and from battles won;
Shew all the ſpoils by valiant kings atchiev'd,
And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;
The wounds of patriots in their country's cauſe,
And happy power ſuſtain'd by wholeſome laws;
In comely rank call every merit forth,
Imprint on every act its ſtandard-worth;
The glorious parallels then downward bring
To modern wonders, and to Britain's king;
With equal juſtice, and hiſtoric care,
Their laws, their toils, their arms, with his compare;
Confeſs the various attributes of fame
Collected and complete in William's name;
To all the liſtening world relate
(As thou doſt his ſtory read),
That nothing went before ſo great,
And nothing greater can ſucceed.

II.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war:
The boldeſt virtues that have govern'd earth
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.
Then turn to her fair-written page;
From dawning childhood to eſtabliſh'd age
The glories of her empire trace;
Confront the heros of thy Roman race;
And let the juſteſt palm the victor's temples grace.

III.

The ſon of Mars reduc'd the trembling ſwains,
And ſpread his empire o'er the diſtant plains;

But yet the Sabins violated charms
Obſcur'd the glory of his riſing arms.
Numa the rights of ſtrict religion knew;
On every altar laid the incenſe due;
Unſkill'd to dart the pointed ſpear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horror good,
Holding his faſces ſtain'd with filial blood.
Fabius was wiſe, but with exceſs of care
He ſav'd his country, but prolong'd the war.
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their ſtrict examples taught,
How wild deſires ſhould be controul'd,
And how much brighter virtue was than gold:
They ſcarce their ſwelling thirſt of fame could hide;
And boaſted poverty with too much pride.
Exceſs in youth made Scipio leſs revere'd:
And Cato, dying, ſeem'd to own, he fear'd.
Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;
But patriots fell, ere the dictator roſe.
And, while with clemency Auguſtus reign'd,
The monarch was ador'd; the city chain'd.

IV.

With juſteſt honour be their merits dreſt;
But be their failings too confeſt:
Their virtue like their Tyber's flood
Rolling, its courſe deſign'd their country's good.
But oft' the torrent's too impetuous ſpeed
From the low earth tore ſome polluting weed;

And with the blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler part, ſome tincture of the man.

V.

Few virtues after theſe ſo far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the ſcale:
Valour, grown wild by pride, and power by rage,
Did the true charms of majeſty impair;
Rome by degrees, advancing more in age,
Shew'd ſad remains of what had once been fair;
Till Heaven a better race of men ſupplies;
And glory ſhoots new beams from weſtern ſkies.

VI.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,
And the long heros of the Gallic ſtrain;
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy proweſs known,
And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
From the firſt William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring;
Illuſtrious virtues, who by turns have roſe,
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes;
With happy laws her empire to ſuſtain;
And with full power aſſert her ambient main.
But ſometimes, too induſtrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
They open'd camps, deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud conqueſt trample over right;
Diſparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful ſway,
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

VII. From

VII.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Naſſau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty;
The chief ſtill dying, or the country free.
Then ſee the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Cornet, through the loins of Beau;
Through Chalon next, and there with Naſſau join,
From Rhone's fair banks tranſplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the royal liſt of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged north;
Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are ſhown;
Till Scotland's kings aſcend the Engliſh throne;
And the fair rivals live for ever one.

VIII.

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind; and, as thy ſearching eye
Does our modern ſtory trace,
Finding ſome of Stuart's race
Unhappy, paſs their annals by:
No harſh reflection let remembrance raiſe:
Forbear to mention what thou canſt not praiſe:
But, as thou dwell'ſt upon that heavenly name*,
To grief for ever ſacred, as to fame,
Oh! read it to thyſelf; in ſilence weep;
And thy convulſive ſorrows inward keep;
Leſt Britain's grief ſhould waken at the ſound,
And blood guſh freſh from her eternal wound.

* Mary.

IX.

Whither wouldſt thou further look?
Read William's acts, and cloſe the ample book:
Peruſe the wonders of his dawning life:
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd ſeditious ſtrife;
And quell'd the ſnakes which round his cradle ran.

X.

Deſcribe his youth, attentive to alarms,
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms:
When conquering, mild; when conquer'd, not diſgrac'd;
By wrongs not leſſen'd, nor by triumphs raiſ'd:
Superior to the blind events
Of little human accidents;
And conſtant to his firſt decree,
To curb the proud, to ſet the injur'd free;
To bow the haughty neck, and raiſe the ſuppliant knee.

XI.

His opening years to riper manhood bring,
And ſee the hero perfect in the king:
Imperious arms by manly reaſon ſway'd,
And power ſupreme by free conſent obey'd:
With how much haſte his mercy meets his foes,
And how unbounded his forgiveneſs flows;
With what deſire he makes his ſubjects bleſs'd,
His favours granted ere his throne addreſs'd:
What tropliies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
'rts of peace more potent, than by wars:

How

How o'er himſelf as o'er the world he reigns,
His morals ſtrengthening what his law ordains.

XII.

Through all his thread of life already ſpun,
Becoming grace and proper action run:
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought,
Mixt with no crime, and ſhaded with no fault;
No footſteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp where William did engage:
No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple ſpy'd:
His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more ſhall its intrinſic worth proclaim;
Shall paſs the combat of the ſearching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquiſh'd heat,
For ever coming out the ſame,
And loſing nor its luſtre nor its weight.

XIII.

Janus, be to William juſt;
To faithful Hiſtory his actions truſt:
Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment every war:
His ſaving wonders bid her write
In characters diſtinctly bright;
That each revolving age may read
The Patriot's piety, the Hero's deed:
And ſtill the ſire inculcate to his ſon
Tranſmiſſive leſſons of the king's renown;
That William's glory ſtill may live;
When all that preſent art can give,

The pillar'd marble, and the tablet braſs,
Mouldering, drop the victor's praiſe:
When the great monuments of his power
Shall now be viſible no more:
When Sambre ſhall have chang'd her winding flood;
And children aſk, where Namur ſtood.

XIV.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!
How ſhe contemn'd th' approaching foe!
Till ſhe by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
And ſhook, and ſunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
Guided the hero to the hoſtile towers.
Perſeus ſeem'd leſs ſwift in war,
When, wing'd with ſpeed, he flew through air.
Embattled nations ſtrive in vain
The Hero's glory to reſtrain:
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,
In vain againſt his force conſpire.
Behold him from the dreadful height appear!
And lo! Britannia's lions waving there.

XV.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The Hero from the height beheld:
He ſpake the word, that war and rage ſhould ceaſe;
He bid the Maeſe and Rhine in ſafety flow;
And dictated a laſting peace
To the rejoicing world below.
To reſcued ſtates, and vindicated crowns,
His equal hand preſcrib'd their ancient bounds;

Ordain'd,

Ordain'd, whom every province ſhould obey;
How far each monarch ſhould extend his ſway;
Taught them how clemency made power rever'd;
And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.
Firm by his ſide unſpotted Honour ſtood,
Pleas'd to confeſs him not ſo great as good:
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,
Than thoſe which all his numerous crowns reflect;
Eſtabliſh'd Freedom clapp'd her joyful wings;
Proclaim'd the firſt of men, and beſt of kings.

XVI.

Whither would the Muſe aſpire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire;
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought:
Mindleſs of the God and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, ſtray,
From thee, and from myſelf, borne far away.
The fiery Pegaſus diſdains
To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins:
When glorious fields and opening camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded looſe:
Hardly the Muſe can ſit the headſtrong horſe;
Nor would ſhe, if ſhe could, check his impetuous force;
With the glad noiſe the cliffs and vallies ring,
While ſhe through earth and air purſues the king.

XVII.

She now beholds him on the Belgic ſhore;
Whilſt Britain's tears his ready help implore,
Diſſembling

Diſſembling for her ſake his riſing cares,
And with wiſe ſilence pondering vengeful wars,
She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auſpicious prow;
Combating adverſe winds and winter ſeas,
Sighing the moments that defer our eaſe;
Daring to weild the ſcepter's dangerous weight,
And taking the command, to ſave the ſtate;
Though, ere the doubtful gift can be ſecur'd,
New wars muſt be ſuſtain'd, new wounds endur'd.

XVIII.

Through rough Ierne's camps ſhe ſounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms;
In the dank marſhes finds her glorious theme;
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce ſtream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haſte,
To tell old Ocean how the Hero paſt.
The God rebukes their fear, and owns the praiſe
Worthy that arm, whoſe empire he obeys.

XIX.

Back to his Albion ſhe delights to bring
The humbleſt victor, and the kindeſt king.
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her Hero, nor obtains his leave:
Firm he rejects the altars ſhe would raiſe;
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praiſe.
Again ſhe follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often ſav'd by William's hand;
Hears joyful nations bleſs thoſe happy toils,
Which freed the people, but return'd the ſpoils.

In

In various views ſhe tries her conſtant theme;
Finds him in councils, and in arms the ſame;
When certain to o'ercome, inclin'd to ſave,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

XX.

Sudden another ſcene employs her ſight;
She ſets her Hero in another light;
Paints his great mind ſuperior to ſucceſs,
Declining conqueſt, to eſtabliſh peace:
She brings Aſtrea down to earth again;
And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

XXI.

Then with unweary wing the Goddeſs ſoars
Eaſt, over Danube and Propontis' ſhores;
Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and ſuſpend their rage;
Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,
If they ſhall ſtudy peace, or lengthen wars.
How ſacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cauſe!
How fair his friendſhips, and his leagues how juſt,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions truſt!

XXII.

From the Mæotis to the Northern ſea,
The Goddeſs wings her deſperate way;
Sees the young Muſcovite, the mighty head,
Whoſe ſovereign terror forty nations dread,
Inamour'd with a greater monarch's praiſe,
And paſſing half the earth to his embrace:

Sees

She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous ſway
Breaking, and, as he rolls his rapid courſe,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
But her own king ſhe likens to his Thames,
With gentle courſe devolving fruitful ſtreams;
Serene yet ſtrong, majeſtic yet ſedate,
Swift without violence, without terror great.
Each ardent nymph the riſing current craves;
Each ſhepherd's prayer retards the parting waves;
The vales along the bank their ſweets diſcloſe;
Freſh flowers for ever riſe; and fruitful harveſt grows.

XXIII.

Yet whither would th' adventurous Goddeſs go?
Sees ſhe not clouds, and earth, and main, below?
Minds ſhe the dangers of the Lycian coaſt,
And fields, where mad Bellerophon was loſt?
Or is her towering flight reclaim'd
By ſeas from Icarus's downfall nam'd?
Vain is the call, and uſeleſs the advice:
To wiſe perſuaſion deaf, and human cries,
Yet upward ſhe inceſſant flies;
Reſolv'd to reach the high empyrean ſphere,
And tell great Jove, ſhe ſings his image here;
To aſk for William an Olympic crown,
To Chromius' ſtrength, and Theron's ſpeed unknown:
Till, loſt in trackleſs fields of ſhining day,
Unable to diſcern the way,
Which Naſſau's virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muſe before;

She,

She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes ruſhing with uncommon ruin down.
Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
The ſong too daring, and the theme too great!
Yet rather thus ſhe wills to die,
Than in continued annals live, to ſing
A ſecond hero, or a vulgar king;
And with ignoble ſafety fly
In ſight of earth, along a middle ſky.

XXIV.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng
That round his myſtic temple preſs,
For William's life and Albion's peace,
Ambitious Muſe, reduce the roving ſong.
Janus, caſt thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhea's pregnant womb;
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come:
Till, by thy high commands releas'd,
Till, by thy hand in proper atoms dreſs'd,
In decent order they advance to light;
Yet then too ſwiftly fleet by human ſight;
And meditate too ſoon their everlaſting flight.

XXV.

Nor beaks of ſhips in naval triumph borne,
Nor ſtandards from the hoſtile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,

Can

Can any future honours give
To the victorious monarch's name:
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated ſtores receive.
Shut then, auſpicious God, thy ſacred gate,
And make us happy, as our king is great.
Be kind, and with a milder hand
Cloſing the volume of the finiſh'd age
(Though noble, 'twas an iron page)
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage:
Bid the great months begin their joyful round,
By Flora ſome, and ſome by Ceres crown'd;
Teach the glad hours to ſcatter, as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endleſs joy;
Lead forth the years for peace and plenty fam'd,
From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

XXVI.

Secure by William's care let Britain ſtand;
Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
From adverſe ſhores in ſafety let her hear
Foreign calamity, and diſtant war;
Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion bear!
Betwixt the nations let her hold her ſcale,
And, as ſhe wills, let either part prevail:
Let her glad vallies ſmile with wavy corn;
Let fleecy flocks her riſing hills adorn;
Around her coaſt let ſtrong defence be ſpread;
Let fair abundance on her breaſt be ſhed;
And heavenly ſweets bloom round the Goddeſs' head!

XXVII.

XXVII.

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did ſtand,
Remains of Wolſey's or great Henry's hand,
To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame,
Let a young phœnix raiſe her towering head;
Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her ſpread;
And by her greateſt ſhew her builder's fame:
Auguſt and open, as the hero's mind,
Be her capacious courts deſign'd:
Let every ſacred pillar bear
Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
The king ſhall there in Parian marble breathe,
His ſhoulder bleeding freſh: and at his feet
Diſarm'd ſhall lie the threatening death:
(For ſo was ſaving Jove's decree compleat).
Behind, that angel ſhall be plac'd, whoſe ſhield
Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd:
On the firm baſis, from his oozy bed,
Boyne ſhall raiſe his laurel'd head;
And his immortal ſtream be known,
Artfully waving through the wounded ſtone.

XXVIII.

And thou, imperial Windſor, ſtand enlarg'd,
With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair heaven, that doſt the ſtars incloſe,
Which William's boſom wears, or hand beſtows
On the great champions who ſupport his throne,
And virtues neareſt to his own.

XXIX. Round

XXIX.

Round Ormond's knee, thou ty'ſt the myſtic ſtring,
That makes the knight companion to the king.
From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
Bowing before thy ſainted warrior's ſhrine,
Faſt by his great forefather's coats, and ſhields
Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,
He hangs his arms; nor fears thoſe arms ſhould ſhine
With an unequal ray; or that his deed
With paler glory ſhould recede,
Eclips'd by theirs, or leſſen'd by the fame
Ev'n of his own maternal Naſſau's name.

XXX.

Thou ſmiling ſeeſt great Dorſet's worth confeſt,
The ray diſtinguiſhing the patriot's breaſt;
Born to protect and love, to help and pleaſe;
Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace.
O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame;
Ne'er let me paſs in ſilence Dorſet's name;
Ne'er ceaſe to mention the continued debt,
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, muſt ſtudy to acquit.

XXXI.

Renown'd in thy records ſhall Ca'ndiſh ſtand,
Aſſerting legal power and juſt command:
To the great houſe thy favour ſhall be ſhown,
The father's ſtar tranſmiſſive to the ſon.
From thee the Talbot's and the Seymour's race
Inform'd, their ſire's immortal ſteps ſhall trace.

Happy, may their ſons receive
The bright reward, which thou alone canſt give!

XXXII.

And if a God theſe lucky numbers guide;
If ſure Apollo o'er the verſe preſide;
Jerſey, belov'd by all (for all muſt feel
The influence of a form and mind,
Where comely grace and conſtant virtue dwell,
Like mingled ſtreams, more forcible when join'd)—
Jerſey ſhall at thy altars ſtand;
Shall there receive the azure band,
That faireſt mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the Villiers' name.

XXXIII.

Science to raiſe, and knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great maſter's future charge;
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High ſchemes of government, and plans of wars;
By fair rewards our noble youth to raiſe
To emulous merit, and to thirſt of praiſe;
To lead them out from caſe ere opening dawn
Through the thick foreſt and the diſtant lawn,
Where the fleet ſtag employs their ardent care,
And chaces give them images of war;
To teach them vigilance by falſe alarms;
Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms;
Practiſe them now to curb the turning ſteed,
Mocking the foe; now to his rapid ſpeed
To give the rein, and in the full career
To draw the certain ſword, or ſend the pointed ſpear.

XXXIV.

Let him unite his ſubjects hearts,
Planting ſocieties for peaceful arts;
Some that in nature ſhall true knowledge found,
And by experiment make precept ſound;
Some that to morals ſhall recall the age,
And purge from vicious droſs the ſinking ſtage;
Some that with care true eloquence ſhall teach,
And to juſt idioms fix our doubtful ſpeech;
That from our writers diſtant realms may know
The thanks we to our monarch owe;
And ſchools profeſs our tongue through every land,
That has invok'd his aid, or bleſt his hand.

XXXV.

Let his high power the drooping Muſes rear;
The Muſes only can reward his care:
'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' ſpoils;
'Tis they that ſtill renew Ulyſſes' toils:
To them by ſmiling Jove 'twas given, to ſave
Diſtinguiſh'd patriots from the common grave;
To them, great William's glory to recall,
When ſtatues moulder, and when arches fall.
Nor let the Muſes, with ungrateful pride,
The ſources of their treaſure hide:
The Hero's virtue does the ſtring inſpire,
When with big joy they ſtrike the living lyre.
On William's fame their fate depends;
With him the ſong begins; with him it ends.

From the bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light;
With which the laſting lamp they feed,
Whoſe beams diſpel the damps of envious night.

XXXVI.

Through various climes, and to each diſtant pole,
In happy tides let active commerce roll:
Let Britain's ſhips export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece:
Returning loaden with the ſhining ſtores,
Which lie profuſe on either India's ſhores.
As our high veſſels paſs their watery way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay:
With haſty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confeſſing the aſſerted power,
To whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy ſway,
To calm the earth, and vindicate the ſea.

XXXVII.

Our prayers are heard; our maſter's fleets ſhall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
New lands to make, new Indias to explore,
In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power;
Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach them arms and arts in William's name.

XXXVIII.

With humble joy, and with reſpectful fear,
The liſtening people ſhall his ſtory hear,
The wounds he bore, the dangers he ſuſtain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;

Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
And form their children's accents to his name,
Enquiring how, and when, from Heaven he came.
Their regal tyrants ſhall with bluſhes hide
Their little luſts of arbitrary pride,
Nor bear to ſee their vaſſals ty'd;
When William's virtues raiſe their opening thought,
His forty years for public freedom fought,
Europe by his hand ſuſtain'd,
His conqueſt by his piety reſtrain'd,
And o'er himſelf the laſt great triumph gain'd.

XXXIX.

No longer ſhall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of deſtructive power,
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour:
New incenſe they ſhall bring, new altars raiſe,
And fill their temples with a ſtranger's praiſe;
When the great father's character they find
Viſibly ſtampt upon the hero's mind;
And own a preſent Deity confeſt,
In valour that preſerv'd, and power that bleſt.

XL.

Through the large convex of the azure ſky
(For thither Nature caſts our common eye)
Fierce meteors ſhoot their arbitrary light;
And comets march with lawleſs horror bright;
Theſe hear no rule, no righteous order own;
Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown;
Through threaten'd lands they wild deſtruction throw,
Till ardent prayer averts the public woe.

But

But the bright orb that bleſſes all above,
The ſacred fire, the real ſon of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will;
Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill:
Fix'd by juſt laws, he goes for ever right:
Man knows his courſe, and thence adores his light.

XLI.

O Janus! would intreated Fate conſpire
To grant what Britain's wiſhes could require;
Above, that Sun ſhould ceaſe his way to go,
Ere William ceaſe to rule, and bleſs below:
But a relentleſs Deſtiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once muſt mourn
The Demi-God; the earthly half muſt die.
Yet if our incenſe can your wrath remove;
If human prayers avail on minds above;
Exert, great God! thy intereſt in the ſky,
Gain each kind Power, each guardian Deity;
That, conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the diſmal miſchief far away!
O! long as utmoſt nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day!
Still be our maſter's life thy happy care:
Still let his bleſſings with his years increaſe:
To his laborious youth, conſum'd in war,
Add laſting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
Let twiſted olives bind thoſe laurels faſt,
Whoſe verdure muſt for ever laſt!

XLII.

Long let this growing æra bleſs his ſway;
And let our ſons his preſent rule obey:
On his ſure virtue long let earth rely,
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the Hero through his father's ſky,
To Leda's twins, or he whoſe glorious ſpeed
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the ſteed;
To Hercules, at length abſolv'd by fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's ſon,
Sire of the Latian and the Britiſh throne:
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove;
Late, Janus, let the Naſſau-ſtar
New-born, in riſing majeſty appear,
To triumph over vanquiſh'd night,
And guide the proſperous mariner
With everlaſting beams of friendly light.

The REMEDY worſe than the DISEASE.

I SENT for Ratcliffe; was ſo ill,
That other Doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulſe, preſcrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the Politician,
Cur'd yeſterday of my diſeaſe,
I dy'd laſt night of my Phyſician.

AN

AN ODE

Inſcribed to the Memory of
The Honourable Colonel GEORGE VILLIERS,
Drowned in the River PIAVA, 1703.
In Imitation of HORACE, 1 Od. xxviii.

"Te maris & terræ numeroque carentis arenæ
"Menſorem cohibent, Archyta, &c."

SAY, deareſt Villiers, poor departed friend
(Since fleeting life thus ſuddenly muſt end);
Say, what did all thy buſy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didſt ſail,
Ere on thy chin the ſpringing beard began
To ſpread a doubtful down, and promiſe man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years,
To wake, ere morning dawn, to loud alarms,
And march till cloſe of night in heavy arms;
To ſcorn the ſummer's ſuns and winter's ſnows,
And ſearch through every clime thy country's foes;
That thou might'ſt Fortune to thy ſide engage;
That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her ſoldier's hoary age?
In vain we think that free-will'd man has power
To haſten or protract th' appointed hour.

Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foreſight, nor miſled by chance,
Imperious Death directs his ebon lance;
Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's dance.

Alike muſt every ſtate and every age
Suſtain the univerſal tyrant's rage:
For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
Could or repel or pacify his arms.
Young Churchill fell, as life began to bloom;
And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb:
Wiſdom and eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's reſpite for the learned head:
Judges of writings and of men have dy'd;
Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde:
And in their various turns the ſons muſt tread
Thoſe gloomy journies which their fires have led.

The ancient Sage, who did ſo long maintain,
That bodies die, but ſouls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in ſtore,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern Aſgyll, whoſe capricious thought
Is yet with ſtores of wilder notions fraught,
Too ſoon convinc'd, ſhall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd ſo idly with the darts of death.

Some from the ſtranded veſſel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the ſea:
Some, who eſcape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and ſink into a grave:

In journies or at home, in war or peace,
By hardſhips many, many fall by eaſe.
Each changing ſeaſon does its poiſon bring;
Rheums chill the winter, agues blaſt the ſpring:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act ſubſervient to the tyrant's power:
And, when obedient Nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-ſtone, or a hair, can kill.
For reſtleſs Proſerpine for ever treads
In paths unſeen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the ſpacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads ſlow diſeaſe, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endleſs reign.
On curſt Piava's banks the Goddeſs ſtood,
Shew'd her dire warrant to the riſing flood;
When what I long muſt love, and long muſt mourn,
With fatal ſpeed was urging his return;
In his dear country, to diſperſe his care,
And arm himſelf by reſt for future war;
To chide his anxious friends officious fears,
And promiſe to their joys his elder years:
Oh! deſtin'd head! and oh! ſevere decree!
Nor native country thou, nor friend, ſhalt ſee;
Nor war haſt thou to wage; nor year to come:
Impending death is thine, and inſtant doom.
Hark! the imperious Goddeſs is obey'd:
Winds murmur; ſnows deſcend; and waters ſpread.
Oh! kinſman, friend—Oh! vain are all the cries
Of human voice, ſtrong Deſtiny replies:

Weak,

Weep, you on earth; for he ſhall ſleep below:
Thence none return, and thither all muſt go.
Whoe'er thou art, whom choice or buſineſs leads
To this ſad river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'ſt happen on the dreary ſhores
To find the object which this verſe deplores,
Cleanſe the pale corpſe with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common ſand;
Lay the dead Hero graceful in a grave
(The only honour he can now receive),
And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
And plant the warrior-laurel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth, and flouriſh green the bough.
So may juſt Heaven ſecure thy future life
From foreign dangers and domeſtic ſtrife!
And, when th' infernal judge's diſmal power
From the dark urn ſhall throw thy deſtin'd hour;
When, yielding to the ſentence, breathleſs thou
And pale ſhalt lie, as what thou burieſt now;
May ſome kind friend the piteous object ſee,
And equal rites perform to that which once was thee!

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at COURT before the QUEEN, On her MAJESTY's Birth-Day, 1704.

SHINE forth, ye planets, with diſtinguiſh'd light,
As when ye hallow'd firſt this happy night:
Again tranſmit your friendly beams to earth,
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth.

And

And thou, propitious ſtar, whoſe ſacred power
Preſided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun;
With thy fair aſpect ſtill illuſtrate Heaven;
Kindly preſerve what thou haſt greatly given:
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore:
Prolong one life; and Britain aſks no more.
For virtue can no ampler power expreſs,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace:
For thought no higher wiſh of bliſs can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue ſtill the ſame.
Entire and ſure the monarch's rule muſt prove,
Who founds her greatneſs on her ſubjects love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we ſhould firſt deſire:
Our vanquiſh'd wills that pleaſing force obey,
Her goodneſs takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary ſway.

Let the young Auſtrian then her terrors bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war:
Let him in thunder ſpeak to both his Spains,
That in theſe dreadful iſles a woman reigns:
While the bright queen does on her ſubjects ſhower
The gentle bleſſings of her ſofter power;
Gives ſacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the ſtage;
Bids the chaſte Muſe without a bluſh appear;
And Wit be that which Heaven and ſhe may hear.

Minerva

Minerva thus to Perſeus lent her ſhield;
Secure of conqueſt, ſent him to the field:
The hero acted what the queen ordain'd;
So was his fame compleat, and Andromede unchain'd.
Mean time, amidſt her native temples ſate
The Goddeſs, ſtudious of her Grecian's fate,
Taught them in laws and letters to excell,
In acting juſtly, and in writing well.
Thus whilſt ſhe did her various power diſpoſe,
The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes:
Virtue was taught in verſe, and Athens' glory roſe.

A LETTER,

To Monſieur BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

Occaſioned by the Victory at BLENHEIM, 1704.

" — Cupidum, pater optime, vires
" Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
" Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuſpide Gallos"—
HOR. 2 Sat. i.

SINCE, hir'd for life, thy ſervile Muſe muſt ſing
Succeſſive conqueſts, and a glorious king;
Muſt of a man immortal vainly boaſt,
And bring him laurels, whatſoe'er they coſt:
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that ſuperior day,
In which one Engliſh ſubject's proſperous hand
(So Jove did will; ſo Anna did command)

Broke

Broke the proud column of thy maſter's praiſe,
Which ſixty winters had conſpir'd to raiſe?
From the loſt field a hundred ſtandards brought
Muſt be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault:
Bavaria's ſtars muſt be accus'd, which ſhone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done
With rays oblique upon the Gallic ſun:
Some Dæmon, envying France, miſled the fight;
And Mars miſtook, though Louis order'd right.
When thy * young Muſe invok'd the tuneful Nine,
To ſay how Louis did not paſs the Rhine;
What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme!
And, though the Poet made his laſt efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
But, tell me, hadſt thou reaſon to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the laſt campaign?
The Danube reſcued, and the Empire ſav'd,
Say, is the majeſty of verſe retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy ſofter vein,
To ſing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verſe to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maeſe?
Her warriors Anna ſends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names?
Canſt thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldſby or Palmes offend thy ear?

* "En vain, pour te louer, &c." Ep. 4.

And

And is there not a ſound in Marlborough's name,
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verſe, and ſure of endleſs fame?

Cutts is in metre ſomething harſh to read;
Place me the valiant Gouran in his ſtead:
Let the intention make the number good:
Let generous Sylvius ſpeak for honeſt Wood.
And though rough Churchill ſcarce in verſe will ſtand,
So as to have one rhime at his command;
With eaſe the bard, reciting Blenheim's plain,
May cloſe the verſe, remembering but the Dane.

I grant, old friend, old foe, (for ſuch we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war,)
That we poetic folks, who muſt reſtrain
Our meaſur'd ſayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to thoſe,
Who let their fancy looſe in rambling proſe.

For inſtance now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verſe agree!
"In one great day on Hochſtet's fatal plain,
"French and Barvarians twenty thouſand ſlain:
"Puſh'd through the Danube to the ſhores of Styx
"Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-ſix:
"Officers captive made, and private men,
"Of theſe twelve hundred, of thoſe thouſands ten.
"Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
"Cannon, and kettle-drums!"—ſweet numbers theſe!
But is it thus you Engliſh bards compoſe?
With Runic lays thus tag inſipid proſe?

And,

And, when you ſhould your Hero's deeds rehearſe,
Give us a commiſſary's liſt in verſe?
Why, faith! Deſpreaux, there 's ſenſe in what you ſay:
I told you where my difficulty lay:
So vaſt, ſo numerous, were great Blenheim's ſpoils,
They ſcorn the bounds of verſe, and mock the Muſe's toils.
To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the ſum of Gallia's loſs to rhime,
'Tis mighty hard: what Poet would eſſay
To count the ſtreamers of my lord mayor's day?
To number all the ſeveral diſhes dreſt
By honeſt Lamb, laſt coronation feaſt?
Or make Arithmetic and Epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's ſtyle repeat?
O Poet, had it been Apollo's will,
That I had ſhar'd a portion of thy ſkill;
Had this poor breaſt receiv'd the heavenly beam;
Or could I hope my verſe might reach my theme;
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring Muſe ſhould ſtrive,
Beneath the ſhades of Marlborough's wreaths to live;
Should call aſpiring Gods to bleſs her choice;
And to their favourite ſtrains exalt her voice,
Arms and a Queen to ſing; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wondering flood
Sent forth the terror of her high commands,
To ſave the nations from invading hands,
To prop fair Liberty's declining cauſe,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.

The queen ſhould ſit in Windſor's ſacred grove,
Attended by the Gods of War and Love:
Both ſhould with equal zeal her ſmiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her power.
Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons ſhould appear;
And, as great Anna's ſmiles diſpel their fear,
With active dance ſhould her obſervance claim;
With vocal ſhell ſhould ſound her happy name;
Their maſter Thames ſhould leave the neighbouring ſhore,
By his ſtrong anchor known, and ſilver oar;
Should lay his enſigns at his ſovereign's feet;
And audience mild with humble grace intreat.
To her, his dear defence, he ſhould complain,
That, while he bleſſes her indulgent reign,
Whilſt furtheſt ſeas are by his fleets ſurvey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid;
His brethren Maeſe, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,
Feel the hard burthen of oppreſſive war;
That Danube ſcarce retains his rightful courſe
Againſt two rebel armies neighbouring force;
And all muſt weep ſad captives to the Seine,
Unleſs unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.
The valiant ſovereign calls her general forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he muſt Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her eſteem:
She bids him wait her to the ſacred hall;
Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul;
Fixing the bloody croſs upon his breaſt,
Says, he muſt die, or ſuccour the diſtreſs'd;

Placing

Placing the Saint an emblem by his ſide,
She tells him, Virtue arm'd muſt conquer lawleſs Pride.
The Hero bows obedient, and retires:
The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires,
His ſteps are to the ſilent woods inclin'd,
The great deſign revolving in his mind;
When to his ſight a heavenly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.
Me, ſhe begins, the faireſt child of Jove,
Below for ever ſought, and bleſs'd above;
Me, the bright ſource of wealth, and power, and fame,
(Nor need I ſay, Victoria is my name;):
Me the great father down to thee has ſent;
He bids me wait at thy diſtinguiſh'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wiſh would have:
Her ſubject thou, I only am her ſlave.
Dare then, thou much belov'd by ſmiling Fate,
For Anna's ſake, and in her name, be great:
Go forth, and be to diſtant nations known
My future favourite, and my darling ſon,
At Schellenbergh I'll manifeſt ſuſtain
Thy glorious cauſe; and ſpread my wings again,
Conſpicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain.
The Goddeſs ſaid, nor would admit reply;
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the ſky.
His high commiſſion is through Britain known,
And thronging armies to his ſtandard run;
He marches thoughtful, and he ſpeedy fails:
(Bleſs him, ye ſeas! and proſper him, ye gales!)

Belgia receives him welcome to her ſhores;
And William's death with leſſen'd grief deplores:
His preſence only muſt retrieve that loſs;
Marlborough to her muſt be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from theſe low abodes
Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods;
Alcides, reſpited by prudent Fate,
Suſtain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.
Secret and ſwift behold the Chief advance;
Sees half the empire join'd, and friend to France:
The Britiſh general dooms the fight; his ſword
Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.
Anne and St. George the charging hero cries:
Shrill echo from the neighbouring wood replies
Anne and St. George.—At that auſpicious ſign
The ſtandards move; the adverſe armies join.
Of eight great hours, Time meaſures out the ſands;
And Europe's fate in doubtful balance ſtands:
The ninth, Victoria comes:—o'er Marlborough's head
Confeſs'd ſhe ſits: the hoſtile troops recede:—
Triumphs the Goddeſs, from her promiſe freed.
The eagle, by the Britiſh lion's might
Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight:
Nor did ſhe e'er with ſtronger pinions ſoar
From Tyber's bank, than now from Danube's ſhore.
Fir'd with the thoughts which theſe ideas raiſe,
And great ambition of my country's praiſe;
The Engliſh Muſe ſhould like the Mantuan riſe,
Scornful of earth and clouds, ſhould reach the ſkies,
With wonder (though with envy ſtill) purſued by
human eyes.

But we muſt change the ſtyle — juſt now I ſaid,
I ne'er was maſter of the tuneful trade;
Or the ſmall genius which my youth could boaſt,
In proſe and buſineſs lies extinct and loſt:
Bleſs'd, if I may ſome younger Muſe excite;
Point out the game, and animate the flight;
That, from Marſeilles to Calais, France may know,
As we have conquerors, we have poets too;
And either laurel does in Britain grow;
That, though among ourſelves, with too much heat,
We ſometimes wrangle, when we ſhould debate;
(A conſequential ill which freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cauſe;)
We can with univerſal zeal advance,
To curb the faithleſs arrogance of France;
Nor ever ſhall Britannia's ſons refuſe
To anſwer to thy Maſter or thy Muſe;
Nor want juſt ſubject for victorious ſtrains,
While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains;
And where old Spenſer ſung, a new Eliſa reigns.

Upon this Paſſage in the SCALIGERIANA.

"Les Allemans ne ce ſoucient pas quel Vin ils boivent
"pourveu que ce ſoit Vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent
"pourveu que ce ſoit Latin."

WHEN you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
Expect falſe Latin, and ſtumm'd wine:
They never taſte, who always drink;
They always talk, who never think.

To a CHILD of QUALITY,
Five Years old, 1704;
The AUTHOR then Forty.

I.

LORDS, knights, and 'ſquires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miſs Mary's fetters,
Were ſummon'd by her high command,
To ſhew their paſſions by their letters.

II.

My pen amongſt the reſt I took,
Leſt thoſe bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

III.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell,
Dear five years old befriends my paſſion,
And I may write till ſhe can ſpell.

IV.

For, while ſhe makes her ſilk-worms beds
With all the tender things I ſwear;
Whilſt all the houſe my paſſion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

V.

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the ſtricteſt prudes ſhould know it,
She 'll paſs for a moſt virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

VI. Then

VI.

Then too, alas! when ſhe ſhall tear
The lines ſome younger rival ſends;
She 'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we ſhall ſtill continue friends.

VII.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis ſo ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I ſhall be paſt making love,
When ſhe begins to comprehend it.

PARTIAL FAME.

I.

THE ſturdy Man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:
The ſubtile Woman, if ſhe ſhould ſucceed,
Diſowns the honour of the deed.

II.

Though He, for all his boaſt, is forc'd to yield,
Though She can always keep the field:
He vaunts his conqueſts, ſhe conceals her ſhame;
How Partial is the voice of Fame!

For the PLAN of a FOUNTAIN,

ON WHICH IS

The Effigies of the QUEEN on a Triumphal Arch;

The Figure of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH beneath;

AND

The chief Rivers of the World round the whole Work.

YE active ſtreams, where-e'er your waters flow,
Let diſtant climes and furtheſt nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought.

Quæcunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapſu,
Diviſis latè terris, populiſque remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tameſis narravit & Iſter,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

THE CAMELEON.

AS the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And ſtruts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon ſight,
As if the rain-bow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;

So

So the young ſquire, when firſt he comes
From country ſchool to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a ſtateſman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He ſaunters wildly up and down,
Till ſome acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a ſtaring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jeſt, reply, diſpute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
If haply he the ſect purſues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their myſterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have ſaid the week before;
His wiſdom ſets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap port, and double bub;
And ſettles in the Hum-drum club:
He learns how ſtocks will fall or riſe;
Holds poverty the greateſt vice;
Thinks wit the bane of converſation;
And ſays that learning ſpoils a nation.

But if, at firſt, he minds his hits,
And drinks champaign among the wits;
Five deep he toaſts the towering laſſes;
Repeats you verſes wrote on glaſſes;
Is in the chair; preſcribes the law;
And lies with thoſe he never ſaw.

MERRY ANDREW.

SLY Merry Andrew, the laſt Southwark-fair
(At Bartholmew he did not much appear,
So peeviſh was the edict of the mayor);
At Southwark therefore, as his tricks he ſhow'd,
To pleaſe our maſters, and his friends the croud;
A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clowniſh mimic traverſes the ſtage.
Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll;
To-day's conceit, methinks, is ſomething dull:
Come on, ſir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worſhip mean?
Quoth Andrew, Honeſt Engliſh let us ſpeak:
Your emble-(what d' ye call 't) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou haſt no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is ſenſe.
That burly fool I was, which thou art now;
Deſirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good deſign, but little wit,
Blaming or praiſing things, as I thought fit.

I for

I for this conduct had what I deſerv'd;
And, dealing honeſtly, was almoſt ſtarv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent ſtars, I eat;
Since I have found the ſecret to be great.
O, deareſt Andrew, ſays the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;
Provided thou impart thy uſeful ſkill. —
Bow then, ſays Andrew; and, for once, I will. —
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he ſays;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk leſs:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your pudding, ſlave; and hold your tongue.
A reverend prelate ſtopt his coach and fix,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on (he cried); this fellow is no fool.

A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didſt thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's ſhop?
There, Thomas, didſt thou never ſee
('Tis but by way of ſimile)
A ſquirrel ſpend his little rage,
In jumping round a rowling cage;
The cage, as either ſide turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells at top? —
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The fooliſh creature thinks he climbs:

But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with thoſe merry blades,
That friſk it under Pindus' ſhades.
In noble ſong, and lofty odes,
They tread on ſtars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verſes' ſound;
Brought back, how faſt ſoe'er they go,
Always aſpiring, always low.

THE FLIES.

SAY, fire of inſects, mighty Sol,
(A fly upon the chariot-pole
Cries out) what blue-bottle alive
Did ever with ſuch fury drive?
Tell, Belzebub, great father, tell,
(Says t'other, perch'd upon the wheel)
Did ever any mortal fly
Raiſe ſuch a cloud of duſt as I?
My judgement turn'd the whole debate:
My valour ſav'd the ſinking ſtate.
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toſs up their heads, and ſtretch their wings.
But, let the truth to light be brought,
This neither ſpoke, nor t'other fought:
No merit in their own behaviour:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

From

From the GREEK.

GREAT Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat aſſerts his dreadful ſire.
Nouriſh'd near ſhady rills and cooling ſtreams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral ſays; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM.

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats;
He eats more than ſix, and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he conſtantly ſmokes;
And ſeaſons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet ſighing, he ſays, we muſt certainly break;
And my cruel unkindneſs compels him to ſpeak;
For of late I invite him — but four times a week.

ANOTHER.

TO John I ow'd great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit,
To publiſh it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANO-

ANOTHER.

YES, every poet is a fool,
By demonſtration Ned can ſhow it.
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

THY nags, the leaneſt things alive!
So very hard thou lov'ſt to drive;
I heard thy anxious coach-man ſay,
It coſt thee more in whips, than hay.

To a Perſon who wrote Ill, and ſpoke Worſe againſt Me.

LYE, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable ſhelf;
Nor take it amiſs, that ſo little I heed thee:
I 've no envy to thee, and ſome love to myſelf:
Then why ſhould I anſwer; ſince firſt I muſt read thee?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd bub,
Be a linguiſt, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the ſolid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookſeller Brag.

Purſue

Purſue me with ſatire: what harm is there in 't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou ſhalt print:
There may be a little from what thou may'ſt ſwear.

On the ſame Perſon.

WHILE, faſter than his coſtive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes;
His caſe appears to me like honeſt Teague's,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himſelf command;
Quicken his ſenſes, or reſtrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he ceaſe to write, and learn to think.

"Quid ſit futurum cras fuge quærere—"

FOR what to-morrow ſhall diſcloſe,
May ſpoil what you to-night propoſe:
England may change; or Cloe ſtray:
Love and life are for to-day.

A BALLAD of the NOTBROWNE MAYDE.

Written three hundred years ſince *.

A.

BE it ryght, or wrong, theſe men among on women do complayne;
Affyrmynge this, how that it is a labour ſpent in vayne,

To

To love them wele; for never a dele thy love a man agayne:
For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them purſue, theyr fyrſt true lover than
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought he is a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and ſayd,
That womens fayth is, as who ſayth, all utterly decayed:
But, nevertheleſſe, ryght good wytnèſſe in this caſe might be layed,
That they love true, and continùe; recorde the notbrowne mayde;
Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her to make his mone,
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart ſhe loved but hym alone.

A.

Than betwayne us late us dyſcus what was all the manère
Betwayne them two; we wyll alſó tell all the payne, and fere,
That ſhe was in: nowe I begyn, ſo that ye me anſwère; —
Wherfore, all ye, that preſent be, I pray you gyve an ere: —
I am the knyght; I come by nyght, as ſecret as I can;
Sayinge, Alas, thus ſtandeth the caſe, I am a banyſhed man.

B.

nd I your wyll for to fulfyll in this wyll nat refuſe;
ruſtynge to ſhewe in wordes fewe, that men have an yll uſe
To theyr own ſhame) women to blame, and cauſeleſſe. them accuſe:
herfore to you I anſwere nowe, all women to excuſe, —
lyne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I pray you, tell anone;
or, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

: ſtandeth ſo; a dede is do, whereof grete harme ſhall growe:
ly deſtiny is for to dy a ſhamefull deth, I trowe;
r elles to flee: the one muſt be; none other way I knowe,
ut to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true! none other rede I can;
or I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Lorde, what is this worldys blyſſe, that chaungeth as the mone!
he ſomers day in luſty May is derked before the none. —

I here

I here you ſay, farewell; Nay, nay, we départ not ſo-
ſone:
Why ſay ye ſo? wheder wyll ye go? alas, what have
ye done?
All my welfâre to ſorowe and care ſholde chaunge, yf
ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you
alone.

A.

I can beleve, it ſhall you greve, and ſomwhat you
dyſtrayne:
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde within a day or
twayne
Shall ſone aſlake; and ye ſhall take comfort to you
agayne.
Why ſholde ye ought? for, to make thought, your
labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to, as hartely as I can;
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed
man.

B.

Now, ſyth that ye have ſhewed to me the ſecret of your
mynde,
I ſhall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye ſhall me
fynde:
Syth it is ſo that ye wyll go, I wolle not leve be-
hynde;
Shall it never be ſayd, the notbrowne mayd was to her
love unkynde:

Make

Make you redy'; for ſo am I, although it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll thynke and ſay:
Of yonge and olde it ſhall be tolde, that ye be gone away:
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger make delay:
Rather than ye ſholde thus for me be called an yll woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Though it be ſonge of olde and yonge, that I ſholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge that ſpeke ſo large in hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfull love it is devoyd of ſhame;
In your dyſtreſſe, and heavyneſſe, to part wyth you, the ſame;
To ſhewe all tho that do nat ſo, true lovers are they none:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out to wode with an outlàwe:
For ye muſt there in your hand bere a bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a theſe, thus muſt you lyve, ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe: yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſay nat, nay, but as ye ſay, it is no maydens lore:
But love may make me, for your ſake, as I have ſayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and ſhote, to get us mete in ſtore;
For ſo that I your company may have, I aſke no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart as colde as ony ſtone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe, — that men hym take and bynde;
Without pytè, hanged to be, and waver with the wynde.

If

Yf I had neede, (as God forbede!) what focours coude ye fynde?
For ſothe I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Right wele knowe ye, that women be but feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is, indede, to be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in ſuch fere yf that ye were with enemyes day and night,
I wolde withſtande, with bowe in hande, to helpe you with my myght,
And you to ſave; as women have from deth many a one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude nat ſuſtayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valeies, the ſnowe, the froſt, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for, dry, or wete, we muſt lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe but a brake, buſh, or twayne:

Which ſome ſholde greve you, I believe; and ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Syth I have here been partynère with you of joy and blyſſe,
I muſt alſo parte of your wo endure, as reſon is:
Yet am I ſure of one plesùre; and, ſhortely, it is this,—
That, where ye bé, me ſemeth, pardè, I coude not fare amyſſe.
Without more ſpeche, I you beſeche that we were ſhortely gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yf ye goo thyder, ye muſt conſider,—whan ye have luſt to dyne,
There ſhall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere, ale, ne wyne;
Ne ſhetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde and twyne;
None other houſe, but leves and bowes, to cover your hed and myne:
O myne hart ſwete, this evyll dyète ſholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B. Amonge

B.

Amonge the wylde dere, ſuch an archère as men ſay that ye be,
May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is ſo grete plente:
And water clere of the ryvère ſhall be full ſwete to me;
With which in hele I ſhall ryght wele endure, as ye ſhall ſee:
And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Lo yet, before, ye muſt do more, yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here above your ere, your kyrtel above the kne;
With bowe in hande, for to withſtande your enemyes, yf nede be:
And, this ſame nyght, before day-lyght, to wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it ſhortly as ye can;
Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

I ſhall as nowe do more for you than longeth to womanhede;
To ſhorte my here, a bow to bere, to ſhote in tyme of nede: —

O my ſwete mother, before all other for you I have moſt drede:
But nowe, adue! I muſt enſue where fortune doth me lede. —
All this make ye: nowe let us fle; the day cometh faſt upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Nay, nay, nat ſo; ye ſhal nat go, and I ſhall tell you why, —
Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele eſpy:
For, lyke as ye have ſayed to me, in lyke wyſe hardely
Ye wolde anſwère, whoſoever it were, in way of company.
It is ſayd of olde, — ſone hote, ſone colde; and ſo is a woman:
For I muſt to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede ſuch wordes to ſay by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe aſſayed, or I you loved, pardè:
And though that I of auncèſtry a barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a ſquyer of lowe degre;
And ever ſhall, whatſo befall; to dy therefore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A. A

A.

A barons chylde to be begylde! it were a curſed dede!
To be felàwe with an outlàwe! Almighty God forbede!
Yea, beter were, the pore ſquyère alone to foreſt yede,
Than ye ſholde ſay another day, that by that curſed dede
Ye were betrayed: wherfore, good mayd, the beſt rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Whatever befall, I never ſhall of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me ſo, than have ye me betrayed.
Remember you wele howe that ye dele; for, yf ye be as ye ſayd,
Ye were unkynde, to leve behynde, your love, the notbrowne mayd.
Truſt me truly, that I ſhall dy ſone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Yf that ye went, ye ſholde repent; for in the foreſt nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd, whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère than ever ye were, I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche ſholde be wrothe with other, as I trowe:

It were myne eſe, to lyve in peſe; ſo wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go, alone, a banyſhed man.

B.

Though in the wode I undyrſtode ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought, but that I will be your:
And ſhe ſhall fynde me ſoft, and kynde, and courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that ſhe wyll commaunde me, to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be that one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

A.

Myne own dere love, I ſe the prove that ye be kynde, and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the beſt that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more ſad, the caſe is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, ye ſholde have cauſe to rewe:
Be nat diſmayed; whatſoever I ſayd to you, whan I began,
I wyll not to the grene wode go, I am no banyſhed man.

B. Theſe

B.

Theſe tydings be more gladder to me than to be made a quene,
Yf I were ſure they ſholde endure: but it is often ſene,
Whan men wyll breke promyſe, they ſpeke the wordes on the ſplene:
Ye ſhape ſome wyle, me to begyle, and ſtele from me, I wene:
Than were the caſe worſe than it was, and I more wo-begone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde I love but you alone.

B.

Ye ſhall nat nede further to drede; I will not dyſparage
You, (God defende!) ſyth you deſcend of ſo grete a lynage.
Nowe underſtande, — to Weſtmarlande, which is myne herytage,
I wyll you bringe; and with a rynge, by way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make, as ſhortely as I can:
Thus have ye won an erlys ſon, and not a banyſhed man.

B.

Here may ye ſe, that women be, in love, meke, kynde, and ſtable:
Late never man reprove them than, ...
But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be comfortable,
Which ſometyme proved ſuch as he loved, yf they be charytable.

For

Forſoth, men wolde that women ſholde be meke to
them eech one;
Moche more ought they to God obey, and ſerve but
hym alone.

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

Upon the Model of the NUT-BROWN MAID.

To CLOE.

THOU, to whoſe eyes I bend, at whoſe command
(Though low my voice, though artleſs be my hand)
I take the ſprightly reed, and ſing, and play;
Careleſs of what the cenſuring world may ſay:
Bright Cloe, object of my conſtant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy ſerious brow?
Wilt thou with pleaſure hear thy lover's ſtrains,
And with one heavenly ſmile o'erpay his pains?
No longer ſhall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Though ſince her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy deſire, ſhe ſhall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in laſting verſe be prais'd.
No longer man of woman ſhall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle ſex purſue,
Who change the conſtant lover for the new.

What

Whatever has been writ, whatever ſaid,
Of female paſſion feign'd, or faith decay'd:
Henceforth ſhall in my verſe refuted ſtand,
Be ſaid to winds, or writ upon the ſand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame;
O faireſt of the ſex! be thou my Muſe:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuſe.
Let me partake the bleſſings I rehearſe,
And grant me, Love, the juſt reward of verſe!
As Beauty's potent queen, with every grace
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her ſon has to my boſom dealt
That conſtant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
O let the ſtory with thy life agree:
Let men once more the bright example ſee;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor ſend me by thy frown from her I love,
Diſtant and ſad, a baniſh'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long-intreated crown
My pains and hopes; and, when thou ſay'ſt that one
Of all mankind thou lov'ſt, oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Iſis and her huſband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the ſame,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts beſtow'd, and great reſpect receiv'd.
When dreadful Edward with ſucceſsful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;

This

This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully diſcharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witneſs of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign ſpoil.

From the loud camp retir'd and noiſy court,
In honourable eaſe and rural ſport,
The remnant of his days he ſafely paſt;
Nor found they lagg'd too ſlow, nor flew too faſt.
He made his wiſh with his eſtate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaſte and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the Virgin birth, had borne the name:
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little round his knees ſhe play'd,
He call'd her oft' in ſport his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As ſtill they pleaſe, who imitate their lord);
Uſage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her ſtature, ſtill her charms increas'd;
Through all the iſle her beauty was confeſs'd.
Oh! what perfections muſt that Virgin ſhare,
Who faireſt is eſteem'd, where all are fair!

From

From diſtant ſhires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had leſſen'd truth.
By wonder firſt, and then by paſſion mov'd,
They came; they ſaw; they marvel'd; and they lov'd.
By public praiſes, and by ſecret ſighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant ſtrove,
By glorious deeds to purchaſe Emma's love.
In gentle verſe the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choiceſt ſongs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Uſeleſs their ſtrength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only muſt direct the dart,
Which elſe will never reach the fair-one's heart,
Spight of th' attempts of force, and ſoft effects of art.
Great Venus muſt prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cauſe her favour muſt be ſhown:
And Emma, of mankind, muſt love but him alone.

While theſe in public to the caſtle came,
And by their grandeur juſtified their flame;
More ſecret ways the careful Henry takes;
His ſquires, his arms, and equipage forſakes:
In borrow'd name and falſe attire array'd,
Oft' he finds means to ſee the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntſman's habit dreſt,
Henry on foot purſues the bounding beaſt.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears:
And graceful at his ſide his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where ſhe has bent her way,
With knowing ſkill he drives the future prey;

Bids

Bids her decline the hill, and ſhun the brake;
And ſhews the path her ſteed may ſafeſt take;
Directs her ſpear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And ſhows her praiſes in no common ſound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarſels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wriſt the towering merlin ſtands,
Practis'd to riſe, and ſtoop at her commands.
And when ſuperior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble reverence he accoſts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive field ſhe goes,
His down-caſt eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and ſorrow is expreſt,
A nobler game purſued than bird or beaſt.

A ſhepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring ſwains around the ſtranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his ſong:
While with ſoft ſorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praiſe.
But, ſoon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raiſes to a nobler ſtrain,
With dutiful reſpect and ſtudious fear;
Leſt any careleſs ſound offend her ear.

A frantic Gipſy now, the houſe he haunts,
And in wild [illegible] diſſembled wants.

With

With the fond maids in palmiſtry he deals:
They tell the ſecret firſt, which he reveals;
Says who ſhall wed, and who ſhall be beguil'd;
What groom ſhall get, and ſquire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A ſofter look unbends his opening brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in ſoft accents forms the kind reply;
That ſhe ſhall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choiceſt gifts are all reſerv'd for her.
Now oft' had Henry chang'd his fly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft' had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft' the pangs of abſence to remove
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love:
Till Time and Induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a ſhare of Henry's pain.
While Cupid ſmil'd, by kind occaſion bleſs'd,
And, with the ſecret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the ſilent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves: 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys: but will they long remain?
Emma with ſmiles receives his preſent flame;
But, ſmiling, will ſhe ever be the ſame?

Beautiful

Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And ſummer ſeas are turn'd by ſudden winds.
Another Love may gain her eaſy youth:
Time changes thought; and flattery conquers truth.
O impotent eſtate of human life!
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal ſtrife;
Where fleeting joy does laſting doubt inſpire;
And moſt we queſtion, what we moſt deſire!
Amongſt thy various gifts, great Heaven, beſtow
Our cup of Love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauſeous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleaſurable taſte;
Or deems it not ſincere; or fears it cannot laſt.
With wiſhes rais'd, with jealouſies oppreſt,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breaſt)
By one great trial he reſolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If ſcanning Emma's virtues he may find
That beauteous frame incloſe a ſteady mind,
He 'll fix his hope, of future joy ſecure;
And live a ſlave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in Reaſon's equal ſcale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent miſchief from his heart to tear,
Reſume his azure arms, and ſhine again in war.
South of the caſtle in a verdant glade
A ſpreading beech extends her friendly ſhade:

Here oft' the Nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft' her ſilence had her heart declar'd.
As active ſpring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half expreſs'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's ſoft addreſs,
That, as the wound, the paſſion might increaſe.
As potent Nature ſhed her kindly ſhowers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers;
Upon this tree the Nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conqueſt, with her preſent crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft' had gone,
And to each Swain the myſtic honour ſhown;
The gift ſtill prais'd, the giver ſtill unknown.
His ſecret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms expreſs,
That unforeſeen miſchance diſturb'd his peace;
That he muſt ſomething to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.
Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone ſhe griev'd:
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;

Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear boſom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bleſs'd her eyes, and own'd her power;
And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd. The houſe in ſleep were laid.
The nurſe experienc'd, and the prying maid;
At laſt that ſprite, which does inceſſant haunt
The Lover's ſteps, the ancient Maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantaſtic power, that is afraid
To ſtir abroad till watchfulneſs be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys ſtrays,
And leads his votaries ſafe through pathleſs ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes ſhall find
Where Cupid goes; though he, poor guide! is blind.
The Maiden firſt arriving, ſent her eye
To aſk, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with deſire, with joy and pain,
She ſees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his ſteps proclaim no lover's haſte:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are caſt;
His artful boſom heaves diſſembled ſighs;
And tears ſuborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
With eaſe, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real ſorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive ſtood the mournful Nymph: the Man
Broke ſilence firſt: the tale alternate ran.

THEN

HENRY.

SINCERE, O tell me, haſt thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain boſom ever ſtrove
With the firſt tumults of a real love?
Haſt thou now dreaded, and now bleſt his ſway,
By turns averſe, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin ſoftneſs haſt thou e'er bewail'd;
As Reaſon yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
And wept the potent God's reſiſtleſs dart,
His killing pleaſure, his ecſtatic ſmart,
And heavenly poiſon thrilling through thy heart?
If ſo, with pity view my wretched ſtate;
At leaſt deplore, and then forget my fate:
To ſome more happy Knight reſerve thy charms;
By Fortune favour'd, and ſucceſsful arms:
And only, as the ſun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one ſigh, and ſet apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endleſs care.
For me, alas! out-caſt of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire diſgrace;
For lo! theſe hands in murther are imbrued;
Theſe trembling feet by Juſtice are purſued:
Fate calls aloud, and haſtens me away;
A ſhameful death attends my longer ſtay;
And I this night muſt fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a baniſh'd man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliſs, that changeth with the moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true paſſion, if unbleſt it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor falſe one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my boſom reign'd:
The God of Love himſelf inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of ſtores, and total war.
O! ceaſe then coldly to ſuſpect my love,
And let my deed at leaſt my faith approve.
Alas! no youth ſhall my endearments ſhare;
Nor day nor night ſhall interrupt my care;
No future ſtory ſhall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid:
Nor to hard baniſhment ſhall Henry run;
While careleſs Emma ſleeps on beds of down.
View me reſolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'ſt, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I atteſt fair Venus and her ſon,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obſtruct thy venturous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and ſay:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courſes took;
Her father's houſe and civil life forſook;

That,

That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that leſſen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honour, once, is always ſtain'd:
Timely adviſ'd, the coming evil ſhun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can abſolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that waſh out ſin, can waſh out ſhame.
Then fly the ſad effects of deſperate love;
And leave a baniſh'd man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapleſs caſe be falſely told
By the raſh young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let every tongue its various cenſures chuſe;
Abſolve with coldneſs, or with ſpite accuſe:
Fair Truth at laſt her radiant beams will raiſe;
And Malice vanquiſh'd heightens Virtue's praiſe.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my preſence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus ſhall exalt my name,
Above the rumours of cenſorious Fame;
Nor from that buſy Demon's reſtleſs power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth ſhould to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou wield the ſword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the ſturdy foe?
When the loud tumult ſpeaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whiſtling arrows fly;

Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted ſtay,
Perform thy part, and ſhare the dangerous day?
Then, as thy ſtrength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitleſs ſorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy ſafety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little uſeleſs aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curſe the chance that made thee love
A baniſh'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thaleſtris knew
To ſend the arrow from the twanging yew;
And, great in arms, and foremoſt in the war,
Bonduca brandiſh'd high the Britiſh ſpear.
Could thirſt of vengeance and deſire of fame
Excite the female breaſt with martial flame?
And ſhall not Love's diviner power inſpire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, miſtruſt not, conſtant I 'll abide,
And fall, or vanquiſh, fighting by thy ſide.
Though my inferior ſtrength may not allow,
That I ſhould bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand, I will the ſhaft ſupply,
And joy to ſee thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hoſtile reed,
Should'ſt thou (but Heaven avert it!) ſhould'ſt thou bleed;
To ſtop the wounds, my fineſt lawn I 'd tear,
Waſh them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;

Bleſt, when my dangers and my toils have ſhown,
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canſt thou, tender maid, canſt thou ſuſtain
Afflictive want, or hunger's preſſing pain?
Thoſe limbs, in lawn and ſofteſt ſilk array'd,
From ſun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? can they reſiſt
The parching dog-ſtar, and the bleak north-eaſt?
When, chill'd by adverſe ſnows and beating rain,
We tread with weary ſteps the longſome plain;
When with hard toil we ſeek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other houſe,
But the thin covert of ſome gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant ſend thine eye
Around the dreary waſte; and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hoſpitable gate,
And ſeats, where eaſe and plenty brooding ſate?
Thoſe ſeats, whence long excluded thou muſt mourn;
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy riſe of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpoſe to embark with thee
On the ſmooth ſurface of a ſummer's ſea;

While gentle Zephyrs play in proſperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the ſwelling ſails;
But would forſake the ſhip, and make the ſhore,
When the winds whiſtle, and the tempeſts roar?
No, Henry, no: one ſacred oath has tied
Our loves; one deſtiny our life ſhall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou riſeſt with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouſe the bounding prey;
The cave with moſs and branches I 'll adorn,
And cheerful ſit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'ſt the ſmitten deer
(For ſeldom, archers ſay, thy arrows err),
I 'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And ſtrike the ſparkling flint, and dreſs the food;
With humble duty and officious haſte,
I 'll cull the furtheſt mead for thy repaſt;
The choiceſt herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freſheſt ſpring:
And, when at night with weary toil oppreſt,
Soft ſlumbers thou enjoy'ſt, and wholeſome reſt;
Watchful I 'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the Gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous aſk, at morn's returning ray,
If thou haſt health, and I may bleſs the day.
My thoughts ſhall fix, my lateſt wiſh depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinſman, father, friend:
By all theſe ſacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own,
That ſhe, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

HENRY.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'ſt me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildneſs of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goeſt, unhappieſt of thy kind,
Muſt leave the habit and the ſex behind.
No longer ſhall thy comely treſſes break
In flowing ringlets on thy ſnowy neck;
Or ſit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer ſhall the boddice aptly lac'd,
From thy full boſom to thy ſlender waiſt,
That air and harmony of ſhape expreſs,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully leſs:
Nor ſhall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair ſide dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaſte beauties with a modeſt pride,
And double every charm they ſeek to hide.
Th' ambroſial plenty of thy ſhining hair,
Cropt off and loſt, ſcarce lower than thy ear
Shall ſtand uncouth: a horſe-man's coat ſhall hide
Thy taper ſhape, and comelineſs of ſide:
The ſhort trunk-hoſe ſhall ſhew thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-ſight free:
And, with a bolder ſtride and looſer air,
Mingled with men, a man thou muſt appear.
Nor ſolitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Miſtaken maid, ſhalt thou in foreſts find:
'Tis long ſince Cynthia and her train were there:
Or guardian Gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and out-laws ſhall offend thy view:
For ſuch muſt be my friends, a hideous crew

By adverſe fortune mix'd in ſocial ill,
Train'd to aſſault, and diſciplin'd to kill:
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's laſh ſtill flagrant on their back:
By ſloth corrupted, by diſorder fed,
Made bold by want, and proſtitute for bread:
With ſuch muſt Emma hunt the tedious day,
Aſſiſt their violence, and divide their prey:
With ſuch ſhe muſt return at ſetting light,
Though not partaker, witneſs of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable ſounds
And pitying love, muſt feel the hateful wounds
Of jeſt obſcene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred queſtion, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worſe,
Muſt hear the frequent oath, the direful curſe,
That lateſt weapon of the wretches' war,
And blaſphemy, ſad comrade of deſpair.
Now, Emma, now the laſt reflection make,
What thou would'ſt follow, what thou muſt forſake:
By our ill-omen'd ſtars, and adverſe Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love;
Or leave a baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to ſuffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongſt the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee ſhun.

Ye

Yet with her Henry ſtill let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but ſhare the woe:
And ſure my little heart can never err
Amidſt the worſt; if Henry ſtill be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the ſinner's mind proceeds the ſin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has aſſay'd no danger, gains no praiſe.
In a ſmall iſle, amidſt the wideſt ſeas,
Triumphant Conſtancy has fix'd her ſeat:
In vain the Syrens ſing, the tempeſts beat:
Their flattery ſhe rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone theſe little charms I dreſt:
Condemn'd them, or abſolv'd them by thy teſt.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels ſhone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
For thee again they ſhall be laid aſide;
The woman, Henry, ſhall put off her pride.
For thee: my cloaths, my ſex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the ſciſſars, with theſe hands I'll tear
(If that obſtructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black ſoot, or yellow walnut, ſhall diſgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
Theſe nails with ſcratches ſhall deform my breaſt,
Leſt by my look or colour be expreſs'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dreſs'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this diſguiſe,
Let me be grateful ſtill to Henry's eyes;

Loſt to the world, let me to him be known:
My fate I can abſolve, if he ſhall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildeſt thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'ſt to go
Wild to the woods with me: ſaid Emma ſo?
Or did I dream what Emma never ſaid?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whoſe roving fancy would reſolve the ſame
With him, who next ſhould tempt her eaſy fame;
And blow with empty words the ſuſceptible flame.
Now why ſhould doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confeſs thy frailty, and avow the ſex:
No longer looſe deſire for conſtant love
Miſtake; but ſay, 'tis Man with whom thou long'ſt to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poiſons, racks, and flames, and ſwords;
That Emma thus muſt die by Henry's words?
Yet what could ſwords or poiſon, racks or flame,
But mangle and diſjoint this brittle frame?
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's fame.

And fall theſe ſayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil ſpeech and ſoft perſuaſion hung;
Whoſe artful ſweetneſs and harmonious ſtrain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd ſighs, and tears, and wiſhes, to its aid;
And, whilſt it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
ill blam'd the coldneſs of the Nut-brown Maid?

Let

Let envious jealouſy and canker'd ſpite
Produce my actions to ſevereſt light,
And tax my open day, or ſecret night.
Did e'er my tongue ſpeak my unguarded heart
The leaſt inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And haſt thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I muſt never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'ſt of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our ſex is one.
Falſe are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to laſt, or promiſes to bind.
By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by ſtrength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage we march againſt the foe,
We lift the battle-ax, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with paſſion, we attack the fair,
Deluſive ſighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falſhood and our arms have equal uſe;
As they our conqueſt or delight produce.
The fooliſh heart thou gav'ſt, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be leſs wretched, be no longer true;
What ſtrives to fly thee, why ſhould'ſt thou purſue?
Forget the preſent flame, indulge a new;
Single the loveliеſt of the amorous youth;
Aſk for his vow; but hope not for his truth.

The

The next man (and the next thou ſhalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, perſiſt, foreſwear, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wife and falſe, ſhun trouble, ſeek delight;
Change thou the firſt, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why ſhould'ſt thou weep? let Nature judge our caſe;
I ſaw thee young and fair; purſued the chaſe
Of Youth and Beauty: I another ſaw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I purſued
More youth, more beauty: bleſt viciſſitude!
My active heart ſtill keeps its priſtine flame;
The object alter'd, the deſire the ſame.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms;
With preſent power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my ſubjected mind
(If Beauty's force to conſtant Love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou doſt now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildneſs of thy wiſhes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'ſt live with her.
Love, well thou know'ſt, no partnerſhip allows:
Cupid averſe rejects divided vows:
Then from thy fooliſh heart, vain maid, remove
An uſeleſs ſorrow, and an ill-ſtarr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the ſuperior ſex art thou the worſt?
Am I of mine the moſt compleatly curſt?
Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A ſervant (ſhe may ſcorn the name of friend).
What ſhe demands, inceſſant I 'll prepare:
I 'll weave her garlands; and I 'll plait her hair:
My buſy diligence ſhall deck her board
(For there at leaſt I may approach my lord);
And, when her Henry's ſofter hours adviſe
His ſervant's abſence, with dejected eyes
Far I 'll recede, and ſighs forbid to riſe.
Yet, when increaſing grief brings ſlow diſeaſe;
And ebbing life, on terms ſevere as theſe,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's miſtreſs ſhews him Emma dead;
Reſcue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearſe be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at leaſt perſuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where ſhe,
With frequent eye my ſepulchre may ſee.
The nymph amidſt her joys may haply breathe
One pious ſigh, reflecting on my death,

And the ſad fate which ſhe may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forſworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
Thou ſure muſt give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to deſpair;
To her, who, dying, on the wounded ſtone
Bid it in laſting characters be known,
That, of mankind, ſhe lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, ſolemn Jove; and conſcious Venus, hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilſt I ſwear;
No time, no change, no future flame, ſhall move
The well-plac'd baſis of my laſting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At leaſt excuſe a trial too ſevere:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No baniſh'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight deſires to quit thy arms,
Faireſt collection of thy ſex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'ſt wiſh, ſhall all his life imploy,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illuſtrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confeſs, for ſhe has felt his ſword,
And trembling fled before the Britiſh lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
Where ſhe amidſt his ſpacious meadows flows;

Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And ſees his numerous herd imprint her ſands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, ſhalt raiſe thy thought
To greatneſs next to empire; ſhalt be brought
With ſolemn pomp to my paternal ſeat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word ſhall wait.
Muſic and ſong ſhall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilſt the prieſts accuſe the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roſes ſhall obſtruct her way.
Friendſhip ſhall ſtill thy evening feaſts adorn;
And blooming Peace ſhall ever bleſs thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race ſhall run,
And age unheeded by delight come on;
While yet ſuperior Love ſhall mock his power:
And when old Time ſhall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold;
What reſts of both, one ſepulchre ſhall hold.
Hence then for ever from my Emma's breaſt
(That heaven of ſoftneſs, and that ſeat of reſt)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in foreſts rove.

EMMA.

O day the faireſt ſure that ever roſe!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and ſource of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleaſure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent Queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?

Will he be ever kind, and juſt, and good?
And is there yet no miſtreſs in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was raſh and vain,
A falſe idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealouſy's corroding ſmart;
Nor other inmate ſhall inhabit there,
But ſoft Belief, young Joy, and pleaſing Care:
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the ſuppliant goddeſs ſtands,
And ſheds her treaſure with unweary'd hands;
Her preſent favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful uſe the proffer'd grace:
If ſhe reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods ſhe lent.
Nor happineſs can I, nor miſery feel,
From any turn of har fantaſtic wheel:
Friendſhip's great laws, and Love's ſuperior powers,
Muſt mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I muſt my bleſſings or my ſorrows date;
And Henry's will muſt dictate Emma's fate.
Yet while with cloſe delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful ſoul ſhall hide)
I ſee thee, lord and end of my deſire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power inveſted, and with pleaſure chear'd;
ught by the good, by the oppreſſor fear'd;

Loaded

Loaded and bleſt with all the affluent ſtore,
Which human vows at ſmoaking ſhrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life ſubſervient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bleſs thy kindneſs ſhown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

WHILE thus the conſtant pair alternate ſaid,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and ſportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chuſe propitious ſhafts, a precious ſtore;
That, when their God ſhould take his future darts,
To ſtrike (however rarely) conſtant hearts,
His happy ſkill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleaſure, and all wing'd with joy:
And thoſe, they vow'd, whoſe lives ſhould imitate
Theſe lovers' conſtancy, ſhould ſhare their fate.
The Queen of Beauty ſtopt her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the God of War:
Soon as ſhe calls, the God is always near.
Now, Mars, ſhe ſaid, let Fame exalt her voice:
Nor let thy conqueſts only be her choice:
But, when ſhe ſings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hoſtile ſpear and captive ſhield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when, as prudent Saturn ſhall compleat
The years deſign'd to perfect Britain's ſtate,

The ſwift-wing'd power ſhall take her trump again,
To ſing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his ſpoils;
The Britiſh ſoldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquiſh'd by his hand:
Let her at leaſt perform what I deſire;
With ſecond breath the vocal braſs inſpire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar ſtrain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are paſt;
And when thy laurels at my feet are caſt;
Faithful may'ſt thou, like Britiſh Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.
Renown'd for truth, let all thy ſons appear;
And conſtant Beauty ſhall reward their care.
Mars ſmil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian Deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the ſky;
And thou, ſhe ſmiling ſaid, great God of days
And verſe, behold my deed, and ſing my praiſe,
As on the Britiſh earth, my favourite iſle,
Thy gentle rays and kindeſt influence ſmile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy theſe memorable loves.
From every annual courſe let one great day
To celebrated ſports and floral play
Be ſet aſide; and, in the ſofteſt lays
Of thy poetic ſons, be ſolemn praiſe
And everlaſting marks of honour paid,
To the true Lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.

AN ODE,

Humbly inſcribed to the QUEEN,

ON THE

Glorious Succeſs of her MAJESTY'S Arms, 1706.

Written in Imitation of SPENSER'S Style.

"Te non paventis funera Galliæ,
"Duræque tellus audit Iberiæ:
"Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
"Compoſitis venerantur armis." HOR.

PREFACE.

WHEN I firſt thought of writing upon this occaſion, I found the ideas ſo great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an Ode, than for any other ſort of poetry: I therefore ſet Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly his famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

"Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem, &c."

which he wrote in praiſe of Druſus after his expedition into Germany, and of Auguſtus upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great ſtrokes of that

that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variouſly, as the ſubject and my own imagination carried me. As to the ſtyle, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin determined me in Engliſh to the ſtanza; and herein it was impoſſible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenſer; which I have done (as well at leaſt as I could) in the manner of my expreſſion, and the turn of my number: having only added one verſe to his ſtanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided ſuch of his words as I found too obſolete. I have however retained ſome few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenſer's. *Beheſt*, command; *band*, army; *prowes*, ſtrength; I *weet*, I know; I *ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muſe leſs handſome, though for once ſhe appears in a farthingale. I have alſo, in Spenſer's manner, uſed Cæſar for the emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavar for that prince, Iſter for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the Ode which I juſt now mentioned,

" Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
" Jactata Tuſcis æquoribus, &c."

where Horace praiſes the Romans as being deſcended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the Britiſh nation, deſcended from Brute, likewiſe a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, ſettled in England,

England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a ſtory which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at leaſt to the Monkiſh writers; yet is not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at leaſt) he was pleaſed with it, though poſſibly he does not believe it: however it carries a poetical authority, which is ſufficient for our purpoſe. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and upon the ſuppoſition of theſe facts, Virgil wrote the beſt poem that the world ever read, and Spenſer paid queen Elizabeth the greateſt compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticiſm, that I bring my hero

"From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:"

whereas he was not born, when that city was deſtroyed. Virgil, in the caſe of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will ſtand as a ſufficient proof, that a man in his poetical capacity is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenſer, in many things reſemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majeſty of expreſſion in deſcribing the ſublime; and both know to temper thoſe talents, and ſweeten the deſcription, ſo as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their ſtory, and that Curioſa Felicitas in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and ſo very few have reached.

reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving therefore our two maſters to the conſideration and ſtudy of thoſe who deſign to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long ſince I have (or at leaſt ought to have) quitted Parnaſſus, and all the flowery roads on that ſide the country; though I thought myſelf indiſpenſably obliged, upon the preſent occaſion, to take a little journey into thoſe parts.

O D E.

I.

WHEN great Auguſtus govern'd ancient Rome,
And ſent his conquering bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He ſaw his fame increaſing with his years;
Horace, great bard! (ſo Fate ordain'd) aroſe,
And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading proſe,
And ſet their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he ſtrung,
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his ſong.

II.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's ſtate,
Widely diſtributing her high commands,
And boldly wiſe, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;

An

An equal genius was in Spenſer found;
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In myſtic notes to ſing his monarch's praiſe:
Reciting wondrous truths in pleaſing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

III.

But, greateſt Anna! while thy arms purſue
Paths of renown, and climb aſcents of fame,
Which nor Auguſtus, nor Eliza knew;
What poet ſhall be found to ſing thy name?
What numbers ſhall record, what tongue ſhall ſay,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
O faireſt model of imperial ſway!
What equal pen ſhall write thy wondrous reign?
Who ſhall attempts and feats of arms rehearſe,
Not yet by ſtory told, nor parallel'd by verſe?

IV.

Me all too mean for ſuch a taſk I weet:
Yet, if the Sovereign Lady deigns to ſmile,
I 'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And cloath the verſe in Spenſer's native ſtyle:
By theſe examples rightly taught to ſing,
And finit with pleaſure of my country's praiſe,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raiſe;
And lateſt times ſhall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy deed.

V.

As the ſtrong eagle in the ſilent wood,
Mindleſs of warlike rage and hoſtile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff or cryſtal flood,
Till by Jove's high beheſts call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry king,
His boſom with the vengeful meſſage glows;
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his maſter's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal ſtock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire:

VI.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough ſate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls him from his ſoft retreat,
And gives her ſecond thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving ſweet repoſe and gentle eaſe,
With ardent ſpeed he ſeeks the diſtant foe;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and ſeas,
He meditates, and ſtrikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies ſlower than our General's fame:
Graſps he the bolt? we aſk—when he has hurl'd the flame.

VII.

When fierce Bavar on Judoign's ſpacious plain
Did from afar the Britiſh chief behold,
Betwixt deſpair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warring boſom roll'd:

He

He views that favourite of indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Iſter's ſhore;
Too well, alas! the man he knows the ſame,
Whoſe prowefs there repell'd the Boyan power,
And ſent them trembling through the frighted lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's ſcatter'd ſands.

VIII.

His former loſſes he forgets to grieve;
Abſolves his fate, if with a kinder ray
It now would ſhine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His ſide ſtill ſmarting with the hunter's ſpear,
Though deeply wounded, no-way yet diſmay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
In ſullen fury traverſes the plain,
To find the venturous foe, and battle him again.

IX.

Miſguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confeſs the force of Marlborough's ſtronger ſtar.
Thoſe laurel groves (the merits of thy youth),
Which thou from Mahomet didſt greatly gain,
While, bold aſſertor of reſiſtleſs truth,
Thy ſword did godlike liberty maintain,
Muſt from thy brow their falling honours ſhed,
And their tranſplanted wreaths muſt deck a worthier head.

X.

Yet ceaſe the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confeſs,
'Tis thou art chang'd, while heaven is ſtill the ſame;
From thy ill councils date thy ill ſucceſs.
Impartial Juſtice holds her equal ſcales,
Till ſtronger Virtue does the weight incline:
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cauſe that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion ſhall ſubdue;
For Jove's great handmaid Power muſt Jove's decree purſue.

XI.

Hark! the dire trumpets ſound their ſhrill alarms!
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Naſſaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious ſword with dauntleſs courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal died;
The faithful hero had receiv'd this ſword
From his expiring maſter's much-lov'd ſide.
Oft' from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maeſe and Sambre run.

XII.

But brandiſh'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy juſteſt fear,
The maſter-ſword, diſpoſer of thy power:
'Tis that which Cæſar gave the Britiſh peer.

He

He took the gift: Nor ever will I ſheathe
This ſteel (ſo Anna's high beheſts ordain),
The General ſaid, unleſs by glorious death
Abſolv'd, till conqueſt has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like theſe our miſtreſs bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take.

XIII.

And now fierce Gallia ruſhes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's ſtream, increas'd by mountain ſnows,
Rolls with new fury down through Ruſſia's lands.
Like two great rocks againſt the raging tide
(If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare),
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Suſtain the impulſe, and receive the war.
Round their firm ſides in vain the tempeſt beats;
And ſtill the foaming wave with leſſen'd power retreats.

XIV.

The rage diſpers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggreſſing France,
How Britain's ſons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conqueſt fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them ruſhing through the Gallic hoſt:
Through ſtanding corn ſo runs the ſudden flame,
Or eaſtern winds along Sicilia's coaſt.
They deal their terrors to the adverſe nation:
Pale death attends their arms, and ghaſtly deſolation.

XV.

But while with fierceſt ire Bellona glows;
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain preſſes her afflicted foes;
What horror damps the ſtrong, and quells the great!
Whence look the ſoldier's cheeks diſmay'd and pale?
Erſt ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hoſtile troops, I ween, almoſt prevail;
And the purſuers only not recede.
Alas! their leſſen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For, anxious, lo! they croud around their falling chief.

XVI.

I thank thee, Fate, exclaims the fierce Bavar;
Let Boya's trumpet grateful Iö's ſound:
I ſaw him fall, their thunderbolt of war: —
Ever to vengeance ſacred be the ground. —
Vain wiſh! ſhort joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light:
The evening-ſtar ſo falls into the main,
To riſe at morn more prevalently bright.
He riſes ſafe, but near, too near his ſide,
A good man's grievous loſs, a faithful ſervant died.

XVII.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe with leſſen'd wrath diſputes the field:
The Briton fights, by favouring gods ſuſtain'd:
Freedom muſt live; and lawleſs power muſt yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wavering Conqueſt ſtill deſires to rove!
In Marlborough's camp the goddeſs knows to dwell:
Long as the hero's life remains her love.

Again France flies, again the duke purſues,
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

XVIII.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice:
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made thoſe arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded leſt thou ſhould'ſt thoſe toils repeat:
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic ſpoils,
And in thoſe ſpoils we thought thy praiſe compleat.
For never Greek we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like theſe did e'er his acts indite.

XIX.

Yet, mindleſs ſtill of eaſe, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Thoſe goodly deeds which we ſo highly prize
Imperfect ſeem, great chief, to thee alone.
Thoſe heights, where William's virtue might have ſtaid,
And on the ſubject world look'd ſafely down,
By Marlborough paſs'd, the props and ſteps were made,
Sublimer yet to raiſe his queen's renown:
Still gaining more, ſtill ſlighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd, while aught undone remain'd.

XX.

When ſwift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How leſſen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the ſwiftneſs of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker ſaid:

And

And lives he yet, the great, the loſt Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has Fortune been ſevere?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thouſand loſt,
To ſave our threaten'd realm, or guard our ſhatter'd coaſt?

XXI.

To the cloſe rock the frighted raven flies,
Soon as the riſing eagle cuts the air:
The ſhaggy wolf unſeen and trembling lies,
When the hoarſe roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-ſtarr'd did we our forts and lines forſake,
To dare our Britiſh foes to open fight:
Our conqueſt we by ſtratagem ſhould make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours, by craft and by ſurprize to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

XXII.

The ancient father of this hoſtile brood,
Their boaſted Brute, undaunted ſnatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on ſilver Thames his dire abodes:
And this be Troynovante, he ſaid, the ſeat
By heaven ordain'd, my ſons, your laſting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Peleides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could tame.

XXIII. Their

XXIII.

Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his ſable ſhield,
Talbot to Gallia's power eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field:
Hence Nevil, great to ſettle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Ca'ndiſh, terrors of the ſea:
Hence Butler's ſons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia ſhould conceal:
For, oh! who, vanquiſh'd, loves the victor's fame to tell?

XXIV.

Envy'd Britannia, ſturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain-top ſhe proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and ſprouts againſt the ſtroke;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars.
And as thoſe teeth, which Cadmus ſow'd in earth,
Produc'd new youth, and furniſh'd freſh ſupplies:
So with young vigour, and ſucceeding birth,
Her loſſes more than recompens'd ariſe;
And every age ſhe with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

XXV.

Obſtinate power, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impreſſion of the Norman ſteel,
Nor Europe's force amaſs'd by envious Spain.

Nor France on univerſal ſway intent,
Oft' breaking leagues, and oft' renewing wars;
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own inteſtine feuds and mutual jars:
Thoſe feuds and jars, in which I truſted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic pow

XXVI.

To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings ſhall the meſſenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our ſucceſs relate,
Or mitred prieſt appoint the ſolemn day?
Alas! my praiſes they no more muſt ſing;
They to my ſtatue now muſt bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fallen, fallen for ever, is the Gallic power. —
The Woman Chief is maſter of the war:
Earth ſhe has freed by arms, and vanquiſh'd Heaven b
prayer.

XXVII.

While thus the ruin'd foe's deſpair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious Queen,
What ſhall thy ſubjects ſay, and what thy friends?
How ſhall thy triumphs in our joy be ſeen?
Oh! deign to let the eldeſt of the Nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her ſiſter Sculpture let her join
To raiſe, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the ſacred ſpring;
To thee, our deareſt dread; to thee, our ſofter King.

XXVIII.

Let Europe ſav'd the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where reſembling art may carve the fair effect
And full atchievement of thy great deſigns.
In a calm heaven, and a ſerener air,
Sublime the Queen ſhall on the ſummit ſtand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to earth her dread command.
All winds, all ſtorms, that threaten human woe,
Shall ſink beneath her feet, and ſpread their rage below.

XXIX.

Their fleets ſhall ſtrive, by winds and waters toſt,
Till the young Auſtrian on Iberia's ſtrand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coaſt,
Shall fix his foot: and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,
(The empire's other hope ſhall ſay) and here
Vanquiſh'd, intomb'd I'll lie; or, crown'd, I'll reign—
O virtue to thy Britiſh mother dear!
Like the fam'd Trojan ſuffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

XXX.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone.
Their force deſtroy'd, their privileges ſav'd,
Shall Anna's terrors and her mercies own:
Spain, from th' uſurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numbering the wonders which that youth atchiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms, and ſent to war;

Whom Anna ſent to claim Iberia's throne;
And made him more than king, in calling him her ſon.

XXXI.

There Iſther, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling ſhall bid his eaſtern waves declare
Germania ſav'd by Britain's ample ſhield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her ſpear;
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on that ſhore,
Leading his iſlanders, renown'd in arms,
Through climes, where never Britiſh chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or ſounded his alarms;
Shall bid them bleſs the Queen, who made his ſtreams
Glorious as thoſe of Boyne, and ſafe as thoſe of Thames.

XXXII.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with towers,
With decent joy ſhall her deliverer meet;
Shall own thy arms, great Queen, and bleſs thy powers,
Laying the keys beneath thy ſubject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles reſtor'd;
With double vows ſhall bleſs thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having ſheath'd the ſword;
From theſe their ſiſter provinces ſhall know,
How Anne ſupports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

XXXIII.

Bright ſwords, and creſted helms, and pointed ſpears,
In artful piles around the work ſhall lie;
And ſhields indented deep in ancient wars,
Emboſſ'd with ſigns of Gallic heraldry;

And

And ſtandards with diſtinguiſh'd honours bright,
Marks of high power and national command,
Which Valois' ſons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix', or Montmorancy's hand:
Great ſpoils, which Gallia muſt to Britain yield,
From Creſſy's battle ſav'd, to grace Ramilia's field.

XXXIV.

And, as fine art the ſpaces may diſpoſe,
The knowing thought and curious eye ſhall ſee
Thy emblem, gracious Queen, the Britiſh roſe,
Type of ſweet rule and gentle majeſty:
The northern thiſtle, whom no hoſtile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, ſhall there be ſeen:
Thy vanquiſh'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with diſorder'd pomp the laſting work adorn.

XXXV.

Beneath, great Queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble baſe,
To ſave herſelf from darkneſs and from death,
That Muſe deſires the laſt, the loweſt place;
Who, though unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling ſtring,
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durſt of war and martial fury ſing;
And when thy will, and when thy ſubject's hand,
Had quell'd thoſe wars, and bid that fury ceaſe;
Hangs up her grateful harp to conqueſt, and to peace.

HER RIGHT NAM

AS Nancy at her toilet ſat,
Admiring this, and blaming that;
Tell me, ſhe ſaid; but tell me true;
The Nymph who could your heart ſubdue,
What ſort of charms does ſhe poſſeſs?
Abſolve me, fair-one: I'll confeſs;
With pleaſure I reply'd. Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory boſom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half round
Love ſits in open triumph crown'd:
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private ſtate, by friends is ſeen.
Her eyes are neither black nor gray;
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
Their dubious luſtre ſeems to ſhow
Something that ſpeaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her lips no living bard I weet,
May ſay, how red, how round, how ſweet
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and ſoft delight:
They ſtand recorded in his book,
When Helen ſmil'd, and Hebe ſpoke—
The gipſey, turning to her glaſs,
Too plainly ſhew'd, ſhe knew the face;
And which am I moſt like, ſhe ſaid,
Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?

CA

CANTATA.

Set by Monſieur GALLIARD.

RECIT.

BENEATH a verdant laurel's ample ſhade,
His lyre to mournful numbers ſtrung,
Horace, immortal bard, ſupinely laid,
To Venus thus addreſs'd the ſong:
Ten thouſand little Loves around,
Liſtening, dwelt on every ſound.

ARIET.

Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.
Youth on ſilent wings is flown:
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age, unfit for arms:
Safe and humble let me reſt,
From all amorous care releas'd.
Potent Venus, bid thy ſon
Sound no more his dire alarms.

RECIT.

Yet, Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why do I all day lament and ſigh,
Unleſs the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night purſue her in my dreams,
Through flowery meads and cryſtal ſtreams?

RECIT.

Thus ſung the Bard; and thus the Goddeſs ſpoke:
Submiſſive bow to Love's imperious yoke:
Every ſtate, and every age,
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me, thy Muſe ſhall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

Bid thy deſtin'd lyre diſcover
Soft deſire and gentle pain:
Often praiſe, and always love her:
Through her ear, her heart obtain.
Verſe ſhall pleaſe, and ſighs ſhall move her.
Cupid does with Phœbus reign.

Lines written in an OVID: A Tranſlation from the FRENCH.

OVID is the ſureſt guide,
You can name, to ſhew the way
To any woman, maid or bride,
Who reſolves to go aſtray.

A TRUE MAID.

NO, no; for my virginity,
When I loſe that, ſays Roſe, I 'll die:
Behind the elms, laſt night, cry'd Dick,
Roſe, were you not extremely ſick?

ANOTHER

ANOTHER.

TEN months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed:
She warbled her groans with ſo charming a voice,
That one half of the pariſh was ſtunn'd with the noiſe.
But, when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before ſhe and her ſpouſe were a-kin;
She choſe with ſuch prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurſe, nay her midwife, ſcarce heard her once ſqueal.
Learn, huſbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half ſuch a tumult as wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

ON his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His ſpouſe is in deſpair:
With frequent ſobs, and mutual cries,
They both expreſs their care.

A different cauſe, ſays parſon Sly,
The ſame effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears, that he ſhall die;
His wife, that he may live.

Another

Another REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

FROM her own native France as old Aliſon paſt,
She reproach'd Engliſh Nell with neglect or with malice,
That the ſlattern had left, in the hurry and haſte,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

HER eye-brow-box one morning loſt,
(The beſt of folks are oftenest croſt).
Sad Helen thus to Jenny ſaid
(Her careleſs but afflicted maid);
Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when ſhall I riſe again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what 's an eye without a brow?

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

IN a dark corner of the houſe
Poor Helen ſits, and ſobs, and cries;
She will not ſee her loving ſpouſe,
Nor her more dear picquet allies:
Unleſs ſhe find her eye-brows,
She 'll e'en weep out her eyes.

On

ON THE SAME.

HELEN was juſt ſlipt into bed:
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay:
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careleſs Jane,
Aſſure yourſelf, was loudly rated:
And madam, getting up again,
With her own hand the mouſe-trap baited.

On little things, as ſages write,
Depends our human joy or ſorrow:
If we don't catch a mouſe to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS'S AGE.

HOW old may Phyllis be, you aſk,
Whoſe beauty thus all hearts engages?
To anſwer is no eaſy taſk:
For ſhe has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in ſtays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let Envy view her face,
And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aſide,
At night Aſtronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd;
And Phyllis is ſome forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

WHAT a frail thing is Beauty, ſays baron Le Cras,
Perceiving his Miſtreſs had one eye of glaſs:
And ſcarcely had he ſpoke it;
When ſhe more confus'd, as more angry ſhe grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true:
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

AN EPIGRAM.

Written to the Duke de NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you expreſs,
That uncall'd Alard will poſſeſs
Your houſe and coach, both day and night,
And that Macbeth was haunted leſs
By Banquo's reſtleſs ſpright.

With fifteen thouſand pounds a year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may ſo ſoon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modeſter
By much than you believe.

Lend him but fifty Louis-d'or;
And you ſhall never ſee him more:
Take the advice; *probatum eſt.*
Why do the Gods indulge our ſtore,
But to ſecure our reſt?

EPILOGUE to SMITH'S PHÆDRA and HIPPOLYTUS, Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD, who acted ISMENA.

LADIES, to-night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before:
An Oxford-man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phædra ſpeak;
And comes to town to let us Moderns know,
How women lov'd two thouſand years ago.
If that be all, ſaid I, e'en burn your play:
Egad! we know all that as well as they:
Shew us the youthful, handſome charioteer,
Firm in his ſeat, and running his career;
Our ſouls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inſpir'd the antient Grecian dames:
Every Iſmena would reſign her breaſt;
And every dear Hippolytus be bleſt.
But, as it is, ſix flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs:
And, if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive.
Now of the buſtle you have ſeen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this ſcholar's play,

Sometim

Something at least in justice should be said;
But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—
W[illegible] Phædra liv'd as chastely as she cou'd;
F[illegible] was Father Jove's own flesh and blood.
Her aukward love indeed was oddly fated;
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters stood *in statu quo?*
There was no harm, you see; or, grant there were,
She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
He should have sent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at such an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest;
Found every thing contribute to his rest;
The picquet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone impatient for her dear.
  But, if these gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more serious judgement must condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your care:
My spotless flames to your protection take;
And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.

A CRI-

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

HOW capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell!
She was painting her cheeks at the time her noſe fell.

EPILOGUE to Mrs. MANLEY'S LUCIUS.

THE Female Author who recites to-day,
Truſts to her ſex the merit of her play.
Like Father Bayes ſecurely ſhe ſits down:
Pit, box, and gallery, 'gad! all's our own.
In ancient Greece, ſhe ſays, when Sappho writ,
By their applauſe the critics ſhew'd their wit,
They tun'd their voices to her Lyric ſtring;
Though they could all do ſomething more than ſing.
But one exception to this fact we find;
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho down through all ſucceeding ages,
And now on French or on Italian ſtages,
Rough ſatyrs, ſly remarks, ill-natur'd ſpeeches,
Are always aim'd at Poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a ſharp pen upon a naked woman.
The bluſtering bully in our neighbouring ſtreets
Scorns to attack the female that he meets:
Fearleſs the petticoat contemns his frowns:
The hoop ſecures whatever it ſurrounds.

The many-colour'd gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by tumult and by love:
And, while their ſweethearts their attention fix,
Suſpend the din of their damn'd clattering ſticks.
Now, Sirs——
To you our author makes her ſoft requeſt,
Who ſpeak the kindeſt, and who write the beſt,
Your ſympathetic hearts ſhe hopes to move,
From tender friendſhip, and endearing love.
If Petrarch's Muſe did Laura's wit rehearſe;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verſe;
She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears!
I plead her ſex's claim; what matters hers?
By our full power of beauty we think fit,
To damn the Salique law impos'd on wit:
We 'll try the empire who ſo long have boaſted;
And, if we are not prais'd, we 'll not be toaſted.
Approve what one of us preſents to-night;
Or every mortal woman here ſhall write:
Rural, pathetic, narrative, ſublime,
We 'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme;
Female remarks ſhall take up all your time.
Your time, poor ſouls! we 'll take your very money;
Female third-days ſhall come ſo thick upon you,
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We 'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
Unleſs you yield for better and for worſe:
Then the She-Pegaſus ſhall gain the courſe;
And the grey mare will prove the better horſe.

The

The THIEF and the CORDELIER,

a BALLAD; to the Tune of,

King JOHN and the Abbot of CANTERBURY.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, muſt needs know the Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where Honour and Juſtice moſt oddly contribute,
To eaſe Hero's pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the ſhackles which Force had put on;
And the Hangman compleats what the Judge but begun;
There the Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great ſecrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out, What a duce doſt thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections; and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil reſpect to harſh laws,
And for want of falſe witneſs to back a bad cauſe,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear:
And who to aſſiſt, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The Squire, whoſe good grace was to open the ſcene
Seem'd not in great haſte that the ſhow ſhould begin:
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good ſon? ſays the Prieſt;
You murder'd, are ſorry, and have been confeſt.
O father! my ſorrow will ſcarce ſave my bacon:
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with ſuch fancies:
Rely on the aid you ſhall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the cheſt,
You have only to die: let the church do the reſt.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks ſay, if they ſee you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; for to-day is your period of ſorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our Hero replied in a fright:
He that 's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night.
Tell your beads, quoth the Prieſt, and be fairly truſs'd up,
For you ſurely to-night ſhall in Paradiſe ſup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the Squire, howe'er ſumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I ſhall have little ſtomach to eat;
I ſhould therefore eſteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be ſo kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty muſt ſuit.
The feaſt I propos'd to you, I cannot taſte;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a faſt.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I pr'ythee, this troubleſome blade:
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie;
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, &c.

TO CHLOE.

WHILST I am ſcorch'd with hot deſire,
In vain cold friendſhip you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame ſuppreſt,
That kills the heart it heats too faſt,
Take half my paſſion to your breaſt;
The reſt in mine ſhall ever laſt.

AN EPITAPH.

"Stet quicunque volet potens
"Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c." SENEC.

INTERR'D beneath this marble ſtone
Lie ſauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threeſcore years and one
Did round this globe their courſes run;
If human things went ill or well;
If changing empires roſe or fell;
The morning paſt, the evening came,
And found this couple ſtill the ſame.
They walk'd, and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the night away:
They did juſt nothing all the day:
And, having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more:
Nor ſiſter either had nor brother;
They ſeem'd juſt tally'd for each other.
Their moral and œconomy
Moſt perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor treſpaſs'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor cenſure they regarded:
They neither puniſh'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footmen did:
Her maids ſhe neither prais'd nor chid:

So

So every ſervant took his courſe;
And, bad at firſt, they all grew worſe.
Slothful diſorder fill'd his ſtable;
And ſluttiſh plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was ſtrong; their wine was port:
Their meal was large; their grace was ſhort.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.

They paid the church and pariſh rate;
And took, but read not, the receit:
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of ſlumbering in an upper pew.

No man's defects ſought they to know;
So never made themſelves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themſelves a friend.
Nor cheriſh'd they relations poor;
That might decreaſe their preſent ſtore:
Nor barn nor houſe did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.

They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Chriſtmas they accompts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor ſmile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made;
If aſk'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried;
Whoever either died or married.

Their billet at the fire was found;
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wiſe;
They would not learn, nor could adviſe:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wiſh'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And ſo they liv'd, and ſo they died.

Written in MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,

Given to the Duke of SHREWSBURY in FRANCE, after the Peace, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou haſt ſeen
Of cities and of courts, of books and men;
And deign to let thy ſervant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may preſume to live;
And from the tranſcript of thy proſe receive
What my own ſhort-liv'd verſe can never give.

Thus ſhall fair Britain with a gracious ſmile
Accept the work; and the inſtructed iſle,
For more than treaties made, ſhall bleſs my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic ſtyle preferr'd,
Wiſdom in Engliſh idiom ſhall be heard;
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

An

An EPISTLE, deſiring the QUEEN's Picture.

Written at PARIS, 1714.

But left unfiniſhed, by the ſudden News of her MAJESTY's Death.

THE train of equipage and pomp of ſtate,
The ſhining ſide-board, and the burniſh'd plate,
Let other miniſters, great Anne, require;
And partial fall thy gift to their deſire.
To the fair portrait of my Sovereign Dame,
To that alone, eternal be my claim.
My bright defender, and my dread delight;
If ever I found favour in thy ſight;
If all the pains that for thy Britain's ſake
My paſt has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my Queen: permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.
Will thy indulgent hand, fair Saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That, in deſpite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy picture like thy fame
Entire may laſt; that, as their eyes ſurvey
The ſemblant ſhade, men yet unborn may ſay,
Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's Queen;
Her brow thus ſmooth, her look was thus ſerene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand
The mighty Empreſs gave her high command,
That he to hoſtile camps and kings ſhould haſte,
To ſpeak her vengeance, as their danger, paſt.

To ſay, ſhe wills deteſted wars to ceaſe;
She checks her conqueſt, for her ſubjects eaſe;
And bids the world attend her terms of peace.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee preſent I adore,
Thee, Queen of Peace—If Time and Fate have power
Higher to raiſe the glories of thy reign;
In words ſublimer, and a nobler ſtrain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearſe,
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verſe,
The votive tablet I ſuſpend * * * *

To the Right Honourable
The COUNTESS Dowager of DEVONSHIRE;
On a Piece of WIESSEN'S,
whereon were all her GRANDSONS painted.

WIESSEN and Nature held a long conteſt,
If She created, or He painted beſt;
With pleaſing thought the wondrous combat grew,
She, ſtill form'd fairer; He, ſtill liker drew.
In theſe ſeven brethren, they contended laſt,
With art increas'd, their utmoſt ſkill they tried,
And, both well pleas'd they had themſelves ſurpaſs'd,
The Goddeſs triumph'd, and the Painter dy'd.
That both, their ſkill to this vaſt height did raiſe,
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praiſe:
For here, as in ſome glaſs, is well deſcry'd
Only yourſelf thus often multiply'd.

When

When Heaven had You and gracious Anna * made,
What more exalted beauty could it add?
Having no nobler images in ſtore,
It but kept up to theſe, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had fram'd before.
If in dear Burghley's generous face we ſee
Obliging truth and handſome honeſty:
With all that world of charms, which ſoon will move
Reverence in men, and in the fair-ones love:
His every grace, his fair deſcent aſſures,
He has his mother's beauty, ſhe has yours:
If every Cecil's face had every charm,
That thought can fancy, or that Heaven can form;
Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
They are all fair, becauſe they're all like you.
If every Ca'ndiſh great and charming look;
From you that air, from you the charms they took.
In their each limb, your image is expreſt;
But on their brow firm courage ſtands confeſt;
There, their great father, by a ſtrong increaſe,
Adds ſtrength to beauty, and compleats the piece:
Thus ſtill your beauty, in your ſons, we view,
Wieſſen ſeven times one great perfection drew;
Whoever ſat, the picture ſtill is you.

So when the parent-ſun, with genial beams,
Has animated many goodly gems,
He ſees himſelf improv'd, while every ſtone,
With a reſembling light, reflects a ſun.

* Eldeſt daughter of the Counteſs.

So when great Rhea many births had given,
Such as might govern earth, and people heaven;
Her glory grew diffus'd, and, fuller known,
She ſaw the Deity in every ſon:
And to what God ſoe'er men altars rais'd,
Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.
In ſhort-liv'd charms let others place their joys.
Which ſickneſs blaſts, and certain age deſtroys:
Your ſtronger beauty Time can ne'er deface,
'Tis ſtill renew'd, and ſtamp'd in all your race.
Ah! Wieſſen, had thy art been ſo refin'd,
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind:
Through circling years thy labours would ſurvive,
And living rules to faireſt virtue give,
To men unborn and ages yet to live:
'Twould ſtill be wonderful, and ſtill be new,
Againſt what time, or ſpite, or fate, could do;
Till thine confus'd with Nature's pieces lie,
And Cavendiſh's name and Cecil's honour die.

A FABLE, from PHÆDRUS.

To the Author of the MEDLEY, 1710.

THE Fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round:
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him ſay:
"What noble part canſt thou ſuſtain,
Thou ſpecious head without a brain?"

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